The Outlook

DECEMBER 25, 1918

Office: 1 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRESIDENT WILSON IN EUROPE

We share in the gratification and appreciation which all American citizens feel at the reception abroad of President Wilson as the representative of the United States. The French people have a peculiar admiration for men of intellectual ability and brilliance. The honor of being elected to the French Academy is an honor second to none in the French Republic, and it is based chiefly upon the candidate's ability to think, to reason, and to express his thought in forms of literary beauty. Mr. Wilson is therefore received in France, not merely as a President and a champion of democracy, but as a man of letters. And it is apparent that his speeches so far have gratified the French, not only because of their sentiments regarding the war, but because of their skill of literary expression. His first public address was made at a luncheon at which the President of the French Republic, M. Poincaré, made an address of welcome. Mr. Wilson's response included the following paragraph:

> Never before has war worn so terrible a visage or exhibited more grossly the debasing influence of illicit ambitions. I am sure that I shall look upon the ruin wrought by the armies of the Central Empires with the same repulsion and deep indignation that they stir in the hearts of the men of France and Belgium, and I appreciate, as you do, sir, the necessity of such action in the final settlement of the issues of the war as will not only rebuke such acts of terror and spoliation, but make men everywhere aware that they cannot be ventured upon without the certainty of just punishment.

This has been taken by the French people to mean that the President will approve of such peace terms as will insist upon Germany's making such reparations as she can in money payments, and that he believes that the men in Germany responsible for the war and its atrocities must be tried and punished as criminals.

In approving the President's proposed visit we ventured to say a few weeks ago that we respectfully believed that his personal contact with the people and statesmen of Great Britain and the Continent would do him good. He would certainly be a man of narrow limitations who did not have his pulses quickened, his sympathies enlarged, and his views of international relations modified by such a unique and splendid experience as President Wilson is now passing through. Such acclamation, such confidence, such hopes, as are being centered upon him must add to his strength, his humility, and his reliance upon the co-operation of his fellows. Some of these impressions he will doubtless bring back with him, and we at home shall in this reflected way receive the impulses in our National life that he must have received in his personal feelings. This interchange and strengthening of thought and feeling and human sympathy will be not one of the least advantages of the co-operation of the United States, through President Wilson as its spokesman, in the Peace Conference.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

On December 14 the British elections took place. They were distinguished by four unprecedented features:

First, some six million women voted; women of thirty and over were enfranchised by the recent Act of Parliament, and this was the first exercise of their new power. In some districts women were at the polls before the men and in larger numbers.

Second, by the same Act many additional male voters were created through the extension of the franchise by abolishing certain property and residential qualifications formerly necessary.

Third, all the balloting was done in one day, instead of the usual elections in different districts, spreading over weeks.

Fourth, the votes were not counted on the day of election; they will not be counted for a fortnight, so that the ballots of the soldiers abroad may be received and opened with the others.

The question of the soldier vote formed the Labor party's chief objection to having an election at all, it being alleged that such an election among millions of workingmen, now soldiers abroad, would not poll more than a part of the whole soldier vote. Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, denied this in general, adding that the Labor party did not represent all the labor of the United Kingdom; that, in fact, it represented only a small part, that labor votes would be largely cast for the Government, that the remainder were under the control of the pacifists and Bolshevists, and that it would not be safe to trust the business of a great Empire to such a Labor party until it was able to overthrow this clique.

The objection on the part of many Liberals to the election was the claim that it was unnecessary to issue a new mandate of authority to the present Coalition Government. However, the Premier thought otherwise. He was winningly frank in his statement that the present was the time to take action if a further extension of power was to be obtained. The Coalition Government is supposed to be non-partisan. Accordingly its electoral programme as to home policies was as follows:

1. Protection to those industries essential to national security.
2. Prevention of the dumping of goods produced by foreign cheap labor.
3. Colonial preference.
4. Land reform.
5. A minimum wage.
6. Reconstitution of the House of Lords by omitting the principle of heredity.
7. No coercion to Ulster in the Irish settlement.
8. Welsh Church disestablishment.

To the opponents of Mr. Lloyd George (popularly supposed to be a free-trader and Home-Ruler) this seemed an opportunist programme, and the Premier's utterances since have rather confirmed them in that opinion.

As to foreign policy, Mr. Lloyd George's claims for indemnity from Germany, on the plea of a full payment for her crimes (as if that could ever be!) rather than on what she can pay within a reasonable time, have caused his critics to query whether, after all, he might not be using a great national mood for electioneering purposes. The question arises, therefore, How long will the new Government last?

Mr. Chamberlain won a victory in 1900 on a similar issue—the so-called "khaki election" which he as Colonial Secretary was a chief agent in bringing about in order to take advantage of the patriotic and anti-Boer fervor animating the nation. Mr. George's supporters believe that he is equally justified in a similar foreign policy to-day. At all events, his victory is conceded.

Nor do his supporters forget his services to land, labor, and social reform at home, or that to him more perhaps than to any other man is due the plan of Allied military campaign under a single commander—one of the chief reasons why we won the war. These things added force to the Premier's appeals to the nation to sink party differences and to maintain its unity. That the British people would be wise enough at this crisis to indorse Lloyd George we have not doubted was a foregone conclusion.

"AN INCOMPARABLY GREAT NAVY"

Despatches from Washington report that Admiral Charles J. Badger, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the General Naval Board, has urged upon Congress the building of a United States Navy which by 1925 shall be unsurpassed in the

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world. He says that the policy is approved by the President. This means, for one item, the building of twenty-two battle-cruisers, including those under construction, during the next six years. A battle-cruiser costs at least twenty-five million dollars to build and equip. This item alone would therefore amount to half a billion dollars at least. These figures are more or less approximate, but they will give some idea of the enormous programme which Admiral Badger proposes.

The President is now abroad, and it is impossible to get any authorized statement as to how far he approves the plan advocated by Admiral Badger. It is true that two or three years ago in a public speech the President said that the United States needs "an incomparably great Navy." At the time this was taken to be merely a rhetorical form of advocating a strong naval programme for this country. If the President really advocates the building of a Navy which shall be second to none in the world, he goes further than any other American statesman has yet gone in naval advocacy. Mr. Roosevelt, who as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and as President has done more than any other American for the development of the American Navy, has only advocated a Navy which should be second to that of Great Britain in magnitude and power. In a recent public address Secretary Daniels urged the maintenance of our Navy upon the efficient scale which it has displayed in the great war. The sentiment of the American people is, we believe, in favor of a constructive plan which shall maintain our Navy on a strong and efficient basis. Their war experience has taught them that a navy is the first line of defense for a maritime country. But we are equally sure that public sentiment will not support Admiral Badger's plan. Nor do we believe that the best judgment of the most experienced and skillful American naval officers favors an American Navy which, to quote Admiral Badger's language, "should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation." This simply means that we must enter into a naval competitive race with Great Britain, and the world has seen the folly and horrors of such military competitive struggles. Great Britain is an island Power. It must have a great navy to protect its very life. And it must be able to defend not only its islands but its so-called colonies, which are as truly a part of the Empire as the British Isles. It must have a navy adequate to protect Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, and the Suez Canal, a part of the highway between its center and its outlying provinces. If the necessity for a navy is measured either by the population or the extent of seaboard it must protect, Great Britain ought by common consent to have the strongest navy in the world.

The British Government and people were not willing to have Germany equal or surpass them in naval strength. They will be no more willing to have the United States equal and surpass them. If we openly enter upon a scheme for making the American Navy so gigantic that it can weaken even the moral power of the British navy, we shall arouse the natural anxieties of Great Britain at the very time when the sentiment of the world is turning towards disarmament and relief from military taxation. At one and the same time to advocate a League of Nations to bring about the peaceful settlement of international controversies and to enter upon a programme of racing for military and naval superiority is a great inconsistency. Let us have a strong Navy by all means, but a jingo navy which can "lick the world" by no means.

HIRAM JOHNSON AND RUSSIA

On December 12, in the United States Senate, Hiram Johnson, of California, requested information in response to certain questions he asked regarding Russia. Despite his distinct statements to the contrary, these queries unaccountably aroused in some minds a suspicion that, after all, Senator Johnson might be a Bolshevist in sympathy. Though sure of the contrary, The Outlook wrote to him for an additional statement concerning his position. The following letter was received from him:

> I have this instant before me your note of December 14. I am just a bit indignant that anybody should suggest that I am at all in sympathy with Bolshevism. I realized that any inquiry into Russian affairs would result in exactly this accusation, but, notwithstanding, I had the temerity to inquire.
>
> Just why is it so dangerous to mention Russia or to indulge in a pertinent query respecting our relations with Russia? Because any seeker for information in this direction is at once pilloried as an Anarchist or Bolshevist, I am beginning to wonder whether there is some strange hidden, insidious power which keeps everything in the dark and threatens any who would ask light. I am sending you, clipped from the "Congressional Record," a copy of my speech. I can't make any more plain than I did there that I have no sympathy of any sort with Bolshevism.

As Mr. Johnson stated in the Senate, with the end of the war there seems to be no reason why we should not know the position of the American Government with regard to Russia. Disclaiming any sympathy with Bolshevism, and quoting from President's Wilson's remarks to show the promise of the United States to Russia, Mr. Johnson introduced a resolution inquiring as to certain details. Among others he asked:

> Whether the Bureau of Public Information, as administered by Mr. Creel, has been engaged, not in developing facts to our people, but in justifying a course subsequently pursued at variance with our words.
>
> Whether the Soviet Government sought the help of our Government to prevent the ratification of the shameful treaty of Brest-Litovsk, to which our Government never replied.
>
> Whether the Assistant Secretary of State, speaking for the President, definitely refused intervention last March, "when, if intervention was ever desirable or possible, then was the time to intervene."
>
> Whether the American Ambassador and the British High Commissioner in Russia recommended co-operation with the Soviet Government through the American Railway Mission, whether that Government promised control of the Siberian Railway to be placed in the hands of this mission, and whether these recommendations were refused by the American Government.
>
> Whether the British High Commissioner stated as late as May 5, 1918, that intervention was feasible.
>
> Whether our Government so delayed co-operation with the Kerensky Government as largely to contribute to its overthrow and the success of the Bolsheviki.

We echo Senator Johnson's conclusion: "Are we indifferent to Russia's fate, that we sit here supine and in ignorance?"

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS AND TELEGRAPHS

The Outlook has long been in favor of Government ownership and operation of our telegraph system. It has seemed to us for many years that the transmission of telegrams is as natural and essential a part of the Post Office system as the transmission of letters. Indeed, this natural relationship is shown by the fact that one of the telegraph systems of this country calls itself "The Postal Telegraph Company," and both of the private telegraph companies transmit what they term "night letters."

With the general purpose, therefore, of Mr. Burleson, the Postmaster-General, to incorporate the telegraph with the Post Office, we are in sympathy, and we think that the general sentiment of the country supports the idea. Nobody but a dreaming and visionary reactionary would suggest that the Post Office should go back to private management. Any direction in which the postal communication of all the people can be naturally and efficiently extended is desirable. Where there is room for difference of opinion and criticism is in the method by which the telegraphs shall be taken over. Whether the telephone system is so intricately connected with the telegraph system as to make it necessary for the Government to take over the telephones also is a question which only experts can decide. It is, however, a general principle that one step at a time in government evolution is a wise method of procedure, and if it can be done we should be inclined to have the telephones left to the private management which has made the American telephone system the best in the world.

The question of the railways is much more complicated. All—railway owners, managers, and users—agree that in the war emergency it was wise for the Government to take over railway operation, and that as an emergency measure Government administration has been successful. Shall it be continued?

The President said in his address to Congress just before he

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left for Europe that he had no fixed ideas on the subject, and that he left the problem to Congress to solve. Under the law, the railways are to be returned to their owners twenty-one months after peace is officially declared. Director-General McAdoo has now said in a letter to Congressman Sims, Chairman of the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House of Representatives, that "it is impossible and hopeless for the Government to attempt the operation of the railroads for twenty-one months after peace under the present law." He declares that either the railways should be returned at once or that the period of Government operation should be extended for five years in order that the experiment may have a full, fair, and intelligent trial. He is in favor of this longer trial. He says:

> I hope that the Congress in its wisdom will grant a five-year period for a test of unified railroad operation under proper provisions of law which will make that test effective and at the same time take the railroad question out of politics while the test is being made. Unless this is done, I do not hesitate to say that the railroads should be returned to private ownership at the earliest possible moment. The President has given me permission to say that this conclusion accords with his own view of the matter.

Mr. McAdoo makes this recommendation to Congress, not because he urges permanent Government operation, for he declares that he has formed no opinion himself "as to what is the best disposition of the railroad problem, because the test has not been sufficient to prove conclusively the right solution of the problem." What he asks for is a reasonable trial. His letter to Congressman Sims is a clear, dispassionate, and able statement of the case.

It would not be unnatural for the railway managers and security owners to object to a longer period of uncertainty. But now that we have undertaken an experimental test, would it not be businesslike and wise to make it a thorough and intelligent one? And is it not the part of both wisdom and patriotism to accept Mr. McAdoo's suggestion? Will it be any more difficult to return the roads to the private owners at the end of five years, if the country so decides, than it will be to do it now? And shall we not have more data and experience upon which to base our final judgment at the expiration of five years' trial than we have to-day?

AN AMERICAN LUCKNOW

On the afternoon of Sunday, December 15, at the Sixty-Ninth Regiment Armory, in New York City, six Episcopal churches united to celebrate the victory in the war. The armory could have been filled several times by those who wanted to attend. Madison Square Garden would have been appropriate.

The surpliced choirs of these churches entered singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The service was led by the six rectors, and was followed by addresses from Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, and from Lieutenant-Colonel Whittlesey, the leader of that gallant battalion whose recent experience somewhat resembled that of the British at Lucknow. Last October, in the Argonne, the battalion was isolated on the slope of a bleak, unsheltered ravine. It was surrounded so close by the Germans that our doughboys, burrowed in the hillside, could hear the calls and orders of their enemy. The Germans had made five attacks upon it, and its casualties totaled more than a third of the force. For six days and nights our men, drenched to the skin, weak from exposure to the chill and cold, depending for water on a muddy stream and for food on plugs of tobacco and leaves of the underbrush, endured the strain, their spirits supported by their commander's hourly message of "Keep cool, men," and also by his answer, "Go to hell!" to the Germans when they demanded surrender.

"That," said Mr. McAdoo in his address at the armory, "was a splendid American defiance. It is one of those records of valor that will live forever in American history. I take off my hat to Whittlesey. There in France he gave new history to the Stars and Stripes." No wonder, then, that just after the chairman had presented Colonel Whittlesey to the audience, Mr. Safford, the organist and choirmaster of St. George's, who led the singing, called for three cheers for the young officer, and they were given with a vim, Bishop Greer leading.

Mr. McAdoo's address had been an eloquent tribute to the patriotism of the people from one who knew, as shown by his own brilliantly successful work in conducting Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamp campaigns. Colonel Whittlesey's address was also a tribute both to the valor and to the tolerance shown by his men. As to the valor, the speaker paid special tribute to Father Halligan, of the 308th Infantry, and told how some American officers had been killed on a hill above the Vesle River, an affluent of the Aisne, but that their bodies could not be removed for burial because the ground was being continually swept by a hail of German shell fire. Nevertheless, with some volunteers, the intrepid priest went to the hill and buried the bodies. No wonder that Colonel Whittlesey concluded this narrative with "He was our Padre, and we loved him." As to tolerance, the audience caught such phrases as these:

> But my outstanding recollections of the war concern not so much the courage of the men as their kindliness. Hardship and suffering seemed to bring a fine peace of mind and to do away with malice and bitterness. I don't mean to make any comparison between our men and the men of the French, British, and other nations who have suffered more than we. Never in any one generation have so many men endured such hardships as they have. Not having had such suffering, however, it has been more possible for us to avoid hatred. Our men who have been facing and fighting the Germans won't come back hating them. Why, they might even share their cigarettes with the Kaiser himself if they met him on the road.

Silence greeted this portion of the speaker's address, a contrast to the vigorous applause which punctuated the rest of his speech. "Mind you," the speaker added, "I do not want to let the Germans off too easily. I merely want to see justice done. Germany after the war, it must be remembered, is going to be part of our world community."

This incident showed that a real leader of men, who can defy the Germans with "Go to hell!" when necessary, can also have it in his heart to be incredibly tolérant.

A WELCOME CHURCH UNION

The six parishes which had the happy idea of uniting in this victory service are the Church of the Ascension, Calvary Church, Grace Church, the Church of the Holy Communion, St. George's, and St. Mark's. They are in the central part of New York City. That district has changed from a neighborhood of homes to one of business. Many men and women who continue to go regularly to these churches live far away. Although their sympathy and co-operation are strong in parish endeavors, the actual work becomes all the harder when the parishioners' residences are not in the parish. Hence the achievements of these six parishes are the more marked. They employ about 270 paid workers, who give all or most of their time to parish activities, and nearly 1,300 volunteered unpaid workers. Their parish lists total over 18,000 names. During the present year they have held nearly 6,000 services. They occupy fifty-five different buildings. Their work has become that of an administration of an institutional church, for these buildings include not only churches, chapels, and missions, but also reading-rooms, clubs, restaurants and lunch-rooms, industrial schools, hospitals, dispensaries, day nurseries, kindergartens, settlement houses, canteens, lodging-houses, gymnasiums, etc. The work done in all these places has been wonderfully effective. It forms an eloquent reply to those who claim that "the Church is a failure."

By means of a Council, of which Mr. George Zabriskie, of Calvary Church, is chairman, and Mr. Theodore H. Price, of St. George's, is secretary, these churches have not only associated themselves together for the praiseworthy purpose of a common celebration, but must, we believe, inevitably associate themselves together for common work. Economy and efficiency alike call for such church union. Particularly is this the case in a district whose residents find themselves surrounded, not by homes, but by business buildings, by cheap boarding-houses, and by worse.

One reason why people assume the Church to be a failure is because the Church is too much subdivided. If the various

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churches belonging to one communion in a common district can get together, that is a gain. If *all* the churches in a common district could get together, that would be a greater gain. In union there is strength.

ATHLETICS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Anything shriller in high-treble yelling and anything noisier in persistent stamping of feet than the din produced by several thousand boys in the galleries at the Twenty-Second Regiment Armory, in New York City, on December 14, could hardly be imagined. The gallery gods looked down upon twenty-two hundred other boys marching around the armory. Among them were many athletic local lights who were about to show their prowess, for this was the Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the New York Public Schools Athletic League.

Its President, General George W. Wingate, made a short address as soon as the procession had "processed" enough, the National anthem had been sung, and the flag saluted—an effective and impressive salute it was, too, from the athletes.

The salute to the flag from boys nine out of every ten of whom looked Jewish! Somehow one got an idea of the comprehensiveness of what we call "Americanism." And the sightseer's preconceived notions of the Jewish race received rather a jog also as he saw one Hebrew after another among the "firsts," "seconds," and "thirds."

The records were remarkable both in track and field—the 40, 50, 60, 70, and 100 yard dashes, for instance. No less than four boys smashed the record in the 40-yard dash; the winner completed the distance in only six seconds. The winner of the 100-yard dash went through in 11⅘ seconds. There was an eight-pound shot-putting contest, the light-weight class being led by a very young gentleman named Rosenberg with the healthy heave of 34 feet. Then there were the running high jumps and the standing broad jumps by the 85, 100, and 115 pound classes. Here again the little lads did wonders. Think of a young boy of the 85-pound class doing a running high jump with a leap of 4 feet 6 inches and a standing broad jump of 8 feet 4¼ inches!

When the affair was all over, the sightseer found himself in a great outgoing crowd, not the usual public-school crowd of the streets, white-faced and narrow-chested, but a fairly ruddy-faced, bright-eyed, standing-up-straight, perspiring "gang;" one not at all "beefy," perhaps because of the predominant Semitic strain in it. That strain had already shown that the nervous and mental quality of the Jewish race was worth something whenever one had to jump.

We hope to see an extension of systematic athletic and physical training in all our public schools, rural as well as urban. General Wingate has shown the way.

A DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN COMPOSER

Sergei Vassilievich Rachmaninoff, who arrived a short time ago with his family in New York to make a considerable stay here until conditions are more settled in Russia, is one of the most gifted and widely known of Russian composers. The rich and warm temperament, touched both with passion and with a high spiritual nobility, which has given his well-known—almost too well known—"Prelude in C-Sharp Minor" for piano its universal popularity, is found in almost all his works; and it is of happy augury for music that, although asked to take the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he preferred while in America to devote himself to further composition. He belongs, not to the narrowly national "Russian" school of those composers, like Moussorgsky, who have confined themselves largely to the idiom of Russian folk-song and the exploitation of Oriental coloring, but rather to the "Western" or cosmopolitan school, speaking the world language of music, of which Tschaikowsky is the greatest representative. Indeed, Mr. Rachmaninoff has always felt a loyal devotion to Tschaikowsky, as man as well as musician, to which he has given expression in his "Elegiac Trio" to the memory of the composer of the "Symphonie Pathétique." His own music, especially his orchestral music, resembles Tschaikowsky's in its rich instrumental coloring, its sustained dramatic climaxes, and its unashamed use of clear melodies, sometimes almost of an Italian suavity and grace. While it has also the same pervading melancholy, it is less sentimental, more vigorous and masculine.

Born in 1873, of a landed family, Mr. Rachmaninoff was educated at the Petrograd and Moscow Conservatories, working in composition under Taneieff and Arensby, and graduating with highest honors in both composition and piano. (He has always written much for piano, and his three Piano Concertos, especially the second, in C minor, are among the most "grateful" modern examples of this now little-cultivated form.) He has worked in all fields, his operas "Alsko," "The Miser Knight," and "Francesca da Rimini" being well known in Russia. Peculiarly individual and beautiful are his songs, not known here as they should be. It is not too much to say that "The Island," "The Open Grave," "Before the Icon," and others rank with the great song literature of elder masters. But his masterpieces are undoubtedly the "Second Symphony in E Minor," and the symphonic poem "The Island of the Dead," after a picture by Arnold Böcklin. The symphony, though suffering at times from diffuseness, is a work of great nobility, variety, and individuality. Though some of its themes, notably one in the finale, might have strayed from Tschaikowsky's pages, it is for the most part, especially the wildly rhythmic scherzo, completely his own. "The Island of the Dead," with its strange hollow harmonies, its hypnotic five-beat time, and its thrilling climaxes, is an unforgetable tone picture of its uncanny subject. Mr. Rachmaninoff never aims, like some of his contemporaries, merely to startle. His music is always sincere, direct, and touched with the magic of poetry and imagination.

THE AMERICAN BOARD AND JAPAN

The 109th annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational) has just closed. It was held at Hartford, Connecticut.

The meeting was notable as the first of the great National missionary societies to come together in annual session since the signing of the armistice. The meeting was also notable because of the presence of missionaries from the liberated nations. But a particular impression was made by the account of the decisions of the American Board's deputation sent to Japan last spring.

Its report showed, first, the growing friendliness of Japan for the United States. The deputation expected a friendly greeting in Japan, and it received practically an ovation. The report showed, second, that intellectually and spiritually as well as socially and politically Japan is in a critical period of rapid transition. "Issues of an importance far beyond any possibility of description," says the report, "are being decided there, and their consequences will reach into the most distant future." Under these circumstances, the welcome extended to the American deputation was significant. Religiously, the Japanese Christians are unable as yet to meet the country's needs, and for years to come must have the co-operation of the established churches of other lands.

One remarkable and somewhat amusing effect of Christian teaching in Japan has been the stimulus given to the old and native religions. Buddhism, for instance, has in some places added preaching services and Sunday schools to its temple service. It is not at all uncommon for the missionaries to hear a small bunch of Buddhists singing lustily:

> "Buddha loves me, this I know
> For the *Bible* tells me so."

Some Buddhist sects even have their own Y. M. B. A. in place of the better-known and better-organized Y. M. C. A.

While the American Board, an organization of Christian churches, naturally and properly lays emphasis on the evangelistic duty and work of the missionaries in Japan, its proceedings were conspicuously free from the spirit of denominational proselytizing which has in the past interfered with missionary effort, Protestant and Catholic, here and in foreign lands. The animating purpose of the Board is to support and co-operate with Japanese Christians and to carry on and extend the work of Education and Social Service, which include "the very

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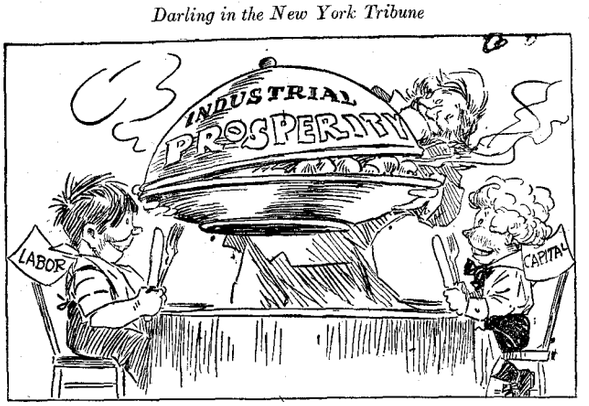
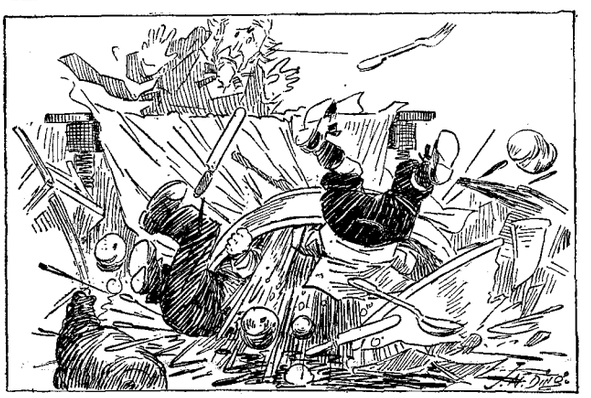
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Darling in the New York Tribune



THERE'S GOING TO BE MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY—



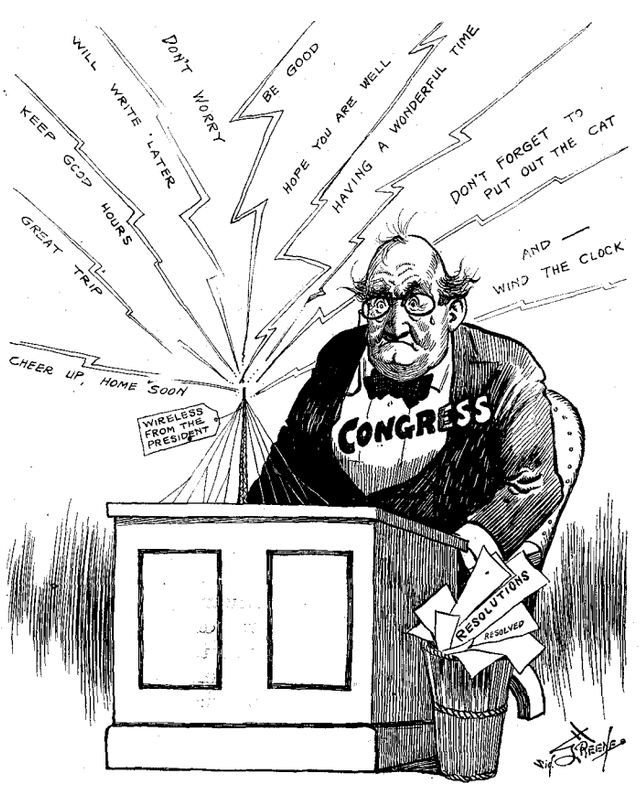
UNLESS SOMEBODY TRIES TO GRAB MORE THAN HIS SHARE AND SPILLS IT ALL

NOW, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, DO BE POLITE!

Knott in the Dallas News

HIS GOOD OLD LIFE-PRESERVER

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram



LEFT AT HOME

WIRELESS MESSAGES TO A DISCONSOLATE CONGRESS

Thomas in London Opinion

The Civilian: "Well, Tommy, yer'll soon be back at the ole job again."
The Soldier: "Oh, I *don't* think. Why, it'll take a deuce of a time to demoralize the Army!"

Moreland in the Passing Show (London)

"Last night, when our ration allowance o' coals came in, the Missus says to me, 'John 'Enery,' says she, 'now I know wot a Coalition Guv'nment is, and if there's an election in December, I'm going to vote agin' it!'"

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latest schemes reduced to their clearest form and simplest application."

ARTS AND CRAFTS

The results of the work being done in the occupational departments of our hospitals for disabled soldiers are now beginning to be exhibited. Among those results we find examples of simple weaving and of embroidery; of basket, metal, jewelry, and especially of wood work—figures of people, and even illustrations in carved wood, often with a touch of humor, from familiar fairy tales such as "The House that Jack Built" and "The Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe."

To the disabled men, who have been cruelly restricted in most opportunities for work, there has come, we fear, a certain flagging zest for life. Yet here we have the welcome proofs that even those who have been terribly wounded can, with their own hands, fashion works of use and beauty, and in so doing can themselves begin again to enjoy a little healthful activity.

Perhaps some of these men will have to take up such work as a livelihood. If so, they will want to be more thoroughly instructed than they can be in a hospital. Is this possible? There are, it is true, three good schools in Boston and one each in Worcester, Providence, the Boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan of New York City, Philadelphia, and Chicago. But, taking the country as a whole, we are practically schoolless as regards industrial art.

And yet we know that such arts and crafts work (like that above mentioned, and also in leather, tapestries, rugs, silversmithing, wall-paper, glass, and pottery) commands purchases in this country totaling half a billion dollars a year.

What is more, during the years of the war such work has been steadily improving in quality as it has been increasing in quantity. How, given the absence of education, has this been possible? Because much work of the highest order has been produced here by foreigners—French, Italian, English, Scotch, Norwegian, Finnish, German, Austrian.

With the close of the war, however, Europe can no longer give or even lend us any great designers—indeed, she wants some of our foreign workers back again. Hence while they are still here we need to establish industrial art schools, so that, as soon as may be, we can be prepared for the reconstruction period suddenly thrust upon us, and take advantage of the opportunities now open to us through the temporary disorganization of the productive activities abroad.

This, we are glad to say, is acting as an additional spur to our museums in putting forth educational endeavor. The greatest of them in collections of industrial art, and also having the largest audience to address—the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City—is appropriately making the chief endeavor. It teaches, guides, publishes. It helps craftsmen, designers, and manufacturers by making its collections readily accessible to them, by educating them effectively, by inducing classes of artisans and designers to follow the superior technical efforts of the past, and, above all, by influencing them to make such individual and modern use of the fine things in our museums that a truly American National style will gradually take shape.

Throughout the country there are other similar and very practical efforts—as, for instance, in Cleveland, where the School of Art is co-operating with the clothing trade to train competent designers of clothing so that we may not always have to look to Paris for the importation of the most sought for designs.

There are also the efforts put forth by various societies—as, for instance, the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts; it sells for its members upwards of a hundred thousand dollars a year in handicraft work which has passed a severe jury before being exhibited in the Society's salesroom. There is also the annual Arts and Crafts exhibit, now in progress at the National Arts Club in New York City, which shows how much the handicraft work produced by individual workers, most of them working independently, not for large employers, has advanced in merit.

ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The question arises, however, How far do all these good influences really affect American workmen? Sometimes much of their particular creation seems only the result of rather painful experimentation and wasteful rule of thumb. And yet art, we believe, ought spontaneously to enter into everything we make, from a tea-kettle to the plan of a city.

In the ultimate analysis, we will have to look to our public schools, we believe, and not to our technical schools, for the real grounding of an American appreciation of art in all its ramifications. If the child can be taught that the laws governing all art products—from the decorations on a churn to a painting by Sargent—are the same, that will be making a real start. To do this we must look to our museums to maintain schools and classes not only for decorators and designers but for *children*—especially searching out those children who are eager to know something about design. Some of our museums, indeed, are already making such efforts, but their result is as yet meager because they lack the necessary funds. The Toledo Museum of Art, for instance, is just able to handle some three hundred children who really hunger for instruction in art; with a little more money it could teach three thousand, and this it hopes soon to do. It should, however, be instructing thirty thousand.

Some time, we like to think, all the children of all our communities will have a chance at this kind of education. But at present the American child grows up instructed to say of any act or thing, "It is good," or "It is bad," not also to say, "It is beautiful," or "It is ugly." The child is ignorant of the laws of design and color. It is also ignorant as to their application to our fabrications.

If we had more and better art education in our public and private schools; if we had more schools of art fostered by city and State governments; above all, if, like France, we had a Secretary for such education in the Cabinet, there might come, we think, a conviction on the part of all our people that art is really "worth while."

But, as has been hinted, if the pure love of beauty does not move us towards such educational reform, then let a merely material motive move us. If we are, as we think, to supply the markets of the world with our products, we must more spontaneously improve their appearance—otherwise the rest of the world will have none of us.

THE LARGEST FARMING PROJECT YET ATTEMPTED

Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, has long been interested in developing the valuable agricultural lands of the Indian reservations, and especially those in Montana and Wyoming. Mr. Lane's interest has been due, first, to the fact that the income of the Indians from their lands under pasture leases has not been as great as the income they should receive under farming leases; and, second, to the necessity for increasing our wheat supply during the war; the Indian reservations afford an opportunity for such increase.

It has not been possible for the Indians to undertake cultivation on the requisite scale. Mr. Lane therefore offered the opportunity to those who had had wide experience as farmers in the Northwest, provided he could obtain for them the use of the land for a term of years. As all Indian lands are reserved for the Government on behalf of its wards, the Indians, the Interior Department offered to them to take over their lands on a ten-year lease, the Indian owners to receive as their share of the crop delivered at the elevator an amount equal to many times their present income from their land in pasture leases. When the land reverts to the owners, there will be the additional value of broken and subdued soil in a high state of cultivation. All the improvements put on the land are also to revert to the Indian owner. No lease is made without his consent, and tribal lands leased must have the approval of the tribal council. So far the Indians have appreciated the situation and have shown their desire to co-operate with the Government.

The plan now being put into practical working by the Department is to develop these Indian lands in units of from 5,000 to 10,000 acres each, putting capable and efficient managers on each unit, who will operate on a combined salary and net-profit sharing basis. The Department anticipates by the end of three years to have approximately 200,000 acres in crops.

But there were no funds available under any of our laws pro-

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viding for the necessary expenses attending such a production of foodstuffs. Hence it was necessary to secure the assistance of private capital. Secretary Lane intrusted the task of forming a corporation for this purpose to Mr. Thomas D. Campbell, President of the Montana Farming Corporation. Mr. Campbell appealed to Mr. J. P. Morgan and his associates, who, recognizing the necessity of increasing our crops and the desirability of cultivating lands which might otherwise not be used, underwrote the project to the extent of $2,000,000.

Of course the first year's expenses must necessarily be large, especially as all of the work will be done by machinery—indeed, the project would be impossible along successful lines but for the use of modern agricultural machinery. Tractors are of the first consideration; they make it possible for one man to accomplish the work of several men with horses. Furthermore, this work requires a well-equipped man who commands higher wages than those paid to ordinary farm labor. Roughly, it requires about $25 an acre for machinery, labor, and seed before the first crop is produced. The succeeding years do not demand so much, because the machinery, with proper care, should last from five to ten years. Of course machinery like plows and cultivators lasts much longer than does the fast-moving machinery which has reciprocating parts like an engine.

The farm is now well under way. One can hardly get an idea of it without visualizing it. There are some furrows now over three miles long, and there will be some six miles long. Plowing has been going on at the rate of from 200 to 500 acres a day. Next year it is expected to plow at the rate of 1,000 acres a day. Mr. Lane and Mr. Campbell will add millions of bushels to next year's crop.

HELP THE ARMENIAN GIRLS

The four chief American colleges in Turkey are at Beirût, Smyrna, and Constantinople, those at the Turkish capital being Robert College and Constantinople College. With the deliverance of Beirût and the more recent deliverance of Smyrna and Constantinople, all these colleges are taking long looks into the future. One of the four is an institution for women—Constantinople College. It was started in 1871. It has graduated between four hundred and five hundred girls—Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Albanians, Jews, Turks, Persians. The cultural side of college education has been emphasized. Practical training is now also to have its place. Courses in agriculture have been formed, and in gardening the students have the practical demonstration of the College war garden of vegetables furnishing food for the College table, a garden cultivated by both Faculty and pupils. The students are also learning the care of bees and silkworms. Courses in the practical arts have been started, and the girls are taught that working with the hands may be as honorable, and often far more necessary, than working solely with one's mind—a lesson perhaps more needed in the Orient than in the Occident.

A School of Education is to be established in the College; it is necessary in a region in which both quantity and quality of teachers are at fault and in which there have been practically no training schools for teachers. The idea is to have a definite course of two years of intensive pedagogical training so that graduates may be able to help to build up an intelligent graded system of education for the people.

A medical school is also to be established. There is no proper training college for women doctors or nurses in the Turkish Empire. It is hardly necessary to point out the ills that might be cured and the wrongs righted by a body of women doctors and nurses who could visit the harems and isolated towns of the Turkish Empire, assist in establishing proper sanitary conditions, and teach a rudimentary knowledge of hygiene and the common rules of health.

When we think of the future of women in the Near East, we think first of those in Armenia. Of all Near Eastern countries Armenia has suffered the most. Many thousands of homeless and poverty-stricken women need assistance in re-establishing themselves and many thousands of unfortunate girls need care and attention. Constantinople College is especially drawn to work among the Armenian girls; it started out originally as a school for them, and they have always constituted a large and important part of the student body. They are hard-working, eager students, and their love of learning and their industry are marked characteristics. The Armenian young women who have the advantage of such an education as Constantinople College now offers will inevitably be leaders among their people.

To enable more Armenian girls to attend the College should be the duty of the friends of Armenia. If, amid the horrors of war, the American men and women in Turkey have looked with assurance into the future, assuredly we here, untouched by the more distressing consequences of war, should do our part. We should help to increase the educational opportunity of Armenian girls. The office of the treasurer of Constantinople College is at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CHRISTMAS, 1918

THE angel's message to the world takes on this year a new significance, and gives a new confirmation to the modern scholar's reading: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace among men of good will."

There cannot be, there ought not to be, peace toward men of evil will. "The law," says Paul, "is not made for the righteous man, but for the lawless and unruly, for murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, for men stealers, for liars, for false swearers." With such men there can be no peace. For them there must be law enforced by the truncheon of the policeman or by the bayonet of the soldier. We cannot live at peace with a wild beast; if we cannot tame him, we must cage him. We can have no peace with the professional criminal, for he attacks the foundations of society, the fundamental rights of his fellowmen. There can be no peace with the Bolsheviki, for they deny a man's right to his family, to his property, to his life. There can be no peace with the German nation, for it has expressed no repentance for the past and makes no promise for the future. It does not regret its crimes; it regrets only its failure.

But there can be, and there ought to be, peace among men of good will, peace among nations of good will. The question before the world this Christmas is this: Has the spirit of good will made such progress among the nations of the earth as to furnish a ground of hope that some plan can be formed by which honest controversies between them can be settled by the appeal to reason instead of by the appeal to force?

There has been recently formed an English-Speaking Union, the President of which is the English statesman Arthur J. Balfour, the object of which is to draw together in a bond of comradeship the English-speaking peoples of the world. In answering an invitation extended to Mr. Roosevelt to join this Union he wrote, on December 5:

> It is wicked not to try to live up to high ideals and to better the condition of the world. It is folly, and may be worse than folly, not to recognize the actual facts of existence while striving thus to realize our ideals. There are many countries not yet at a level of advancement which permits real reciprocity of relations with them, and many other countries so completely unlike our own that at present no such agreement would be possible with them. But the slow march forward of the generations has brought the English-speaking peoples to a point where such an agreement is entirely feasible; and it is eminently desirable among ourselves.

Common speech is advantageous in an International League, because it tends to prevent misunderstandings and to promote international good will. But it is a common spirit of good will, not a common speech, which is the foundation of international union. No electric bulb can be invented which will light a room if there is no electric current. No locomotive can be built which will draw a train if there is no power to move the engine. No brush can be devised which will paint a picture if there is no artist's hand to wield the brush. No scheme which the wit of wise men at Versailles can possibly devise will secure peace among the nations if there is not in the nations a spirit of good will to give life to their scheme.

Mr. Roosevelt, who has been skeptical about the possibility of a League of Nations, believes that such a league is possible between Great Britain and America. I am more sanguine than Mr. Roosevelt. I believe that there is such a spirit of good will in France and Italy, as well as in Great Britain and the United States, that these four nations could wisely form a League to

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insure peace among them. It is probable that such a spirit of good will also pervades the Japanese people, that Japan could become, if it chose, a fifth member of such a League. These five nations, uniting their energies, could guarantee the peace of the world. No nation animated by a spirit of ill will could well set them at defiance.

An Unknown Friend sends to The Outlook the following extract from an address delivered by me on International Brotherhood on March 27, 1899, in Tremont Temple, Boston, at one of a series of meetings held there to consider the questions suggested by the rescript of the Czar of Russia calling for the Peace Conference which met in May of that year at The Hague:

> God is bringing the nations together. We must establish courts of reason for the settlement of controversies between civilized nations. We must maintain a force sufficient to preserve law and order among barbaric nations, and we shall have small need of an army for any other purpose. We must follow the maintenance of law and the establishment of order and the foundations of civilization with the vitalizing forces that make for civilization. And we must constantly direct our purpose and our policies to the time when the whole world shall have become civilized, when men, families, communities, will yield to reason and to conscience. And then we will draw our sword Excalibur from its sheath and fling it out into the sea, rejoicing that it is gone forever.

This was spoken about twenty years ago. It is still true. I did not then imagine that the German was still a vandal, as uncivilized morally as he was in the days of Attila and Genseric. The civilized nations cannot yet throw away their swords, but the five great nations which have wielded their swords together in defending civilization from the barbarian can agree that the arms consecrated to liberty and justice by an International Band of brothers shall never be turned against each other and shall be always ready for mutual defense of liberty and justice whenever assailed.

The cable despatches of December 17 report that "the President and his colleagues are understood to be in agreement that a world government of an elaborate character is not feasible at this time, and their attitude will be in the direction of the simplest organization as a beginning of the League project." This argues well for the fulfillment in this year of grace 1918 of the angel's promise, "On earth peace among men of good will."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

GERMANY TO THE BAR

In all the political confusion in Germany one thing is "conspicuous by its absence"—there is not the slightest recognition of the fact that Germany has done wrong. The Kaiser, Ludendorff, and Bethmann Hollweg are despised because they failed, not because they are international criminals.

It is now admitted by many Germans that the war was planned and purposed by military, diplomatic, and other governmental dictators in Germany and Austria. But this is condemned, not because the act was an outrage against justice and humanity, but because it resulted in the suffering and humiliation of the German and Austrian peoples. Dr. Harold Williams, a correspondent of the London "Chronicle," writes from Berne that the "revolution" has nothing spontaneous about it; that it is "a grudging acknowledgment of crushing military defeat;" that "it is completely unlike the Russian Revolution—no exultation in liberty, no particular indignation against the authors of the national misfortune, no recognition of the wrong done by Germany to the world, not the faintest sign of national repentance."

As we write the indications are that the Ebert Ministry and its administrative machinery is falling to pieces. Ebert as Chancellor is the Chief of both the Prussian and the National Cabinets. Some of his Ministers and colleagues are leaving him, it is reported. Solf has resigned as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Ledebour (a Socialist) has resigned, Haase and Barth (both Socialists) are rumored to have done the same; the President of the Reichstag is threatening to convene that imitation Parliament. Nevertheless the majority of the soldiers seem to support the Cabinet—or Committee of Six, as it is more correctly called. The Prussian Guards the other day marched down Unter den Linden, Berlin, playing "Deutschland über Alles" and carrying the old black, white, and red Imperial flag instead of the revolutionary banner. Large strikes are going on in Berlin, but rather for food and for work, one judges, than for the tenets of Bolshevism.

Just one faction, the so-called Spartacides, whose "Spartacus" is Liebknecht, are positively and certainly enemies of imperialism and militarism. Nearly two years ago Liebknecht, in an interview with a responsible contributor to The Outlook, declared that the war was "a war for conquest." It may be that his persecution and imprisonment has made him violent (the Socialist paper "Vorwärts" declares that he is insane), but his former utterances were Socialistic rather than Anarchistic. The Majority Socialists charge the Spartacus party with Russian Bolshevism, and the charge may be true. No authentic statement from Liebknecht as to his purposes and aims has been published, so far as we know. This and other questions of internal German conditions need elucidation.

Germany is at the bar. She is not a party to a civil suit for damages; she stands criminally indicted. She broke into Belgium feloniously; she robbed, tortured, and slew Belgians feloniously; she kidnapped and dragged into slavery French men and French girls feloniously; she destroyed crops and houses without military purpose; she pillaged right and left contrary to her own military laws. She is an international felon, caught red-handed, overpowered by the world's police, about to be tried for murder, rapine, and piracy.

When the people of Germany begin to realize something of this, to see the weakness of their plea that might makes right, they may hope to feel their way toward real democracy. Meanwhile their shifts of self-constituted Cabinets and juggling between Majority Socialists, Minority Socialists, and Spartacides remind one of the apothegm about a certain historical character: "The more he changes, the more he remains the same."

Meanwhile the Allies at Versailles must have some recognized German Government with which to deal. It does not do in times of revolution and abdication to be too particular about technicalities. But in some form the German people must give a recognizable mandate to a Government to represent the people. That mandate must be based on something else than arbitrary force or the temporary seizure of the wires of administration. We want no repetition of what happened at Petrograd—the grasping of power by the fanatical or bribed leaders of a class warfare. Neither do we want a Government which might be a "hold-over" of Socialists who worked for war hand in hand with the Imperialists—"Kaiser-minded" Socialists, they are called in Germany. There is time enough to "go to the people," to use the English Parliamentary phrase. The constituting of our Criminal Court will take weeks; the Allies are not going to dicker over peace terms with Germany; they will meet by themselves and lay down those terms for her acceptance or rejection. Therefore it behooves Germany to convoke her National or Constituent Assembly, and to form in that way or some other a body which can fairly claim to speak for the whole body of German citizens.

German democracy, if it exists at all, is inchoate and inscrutable. That is Germany's affair. Our interest is to wait until a genuine, representative German Government, with a mandate from the people, appears on the scene.

IN DEFENSE OF WORRY

In view of the unjust disrepute of anxiety as a form of mental exercise, an examination of the many good reasons why we should worry is sharply pertinent.

The best argument for worry is the kind of people who tell you not to. Their smooth foreheads are likely to suggest a corresponding internal blankness. It seems as if even to themselves they must be savorless, these never-worriers. As to achievement, they can never reach the highest; they may jog complacently either on a mediocre level of success or may, like Mr. Micawber, dance nimbly along the surface of flat failure, but to attain the sure foot that scales the heights one must possess a vivid

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sense of pitfalls. Poor dullards of optimism, they miss the zest of that success granted only to those who have worried out a course of conduct to meet the most pessimistic forecast of the future.

As a friend the confirmed optimist is monotonous. You like a few ups and downs in a friend. The never-worrier offers the resilience of a punching-bag to the blows dealt him by his own life, and a corresponding indifference to the blows dealt him by yours. In order to worry well over some one else one has to be thoroughly practiced in worrying over one's self. We all know that when we want sympathy we turn to the best worrier we can find, knowing that he will take our case right on and have a fit over it. When we are choosing a comrade, we find the fact that a person has denied himself the enriching luxuries of worry a positive deterrent.

Another argument for worry is the kind of books that tell you not to. Apart from their character, their very popularity furnishes cause for profound regret that people desire to buy even joy at wholesale, that they may demand even cheerfulness in the terrible tins of the ready-made. Such cheerfulness is sadly attenuated by the absence of good, meaty truth. The only cheer that contains nutriment is the kind that you raise in your own garden and put up with your own hands. A work that can announce itself to the dry-goods counter as "The Happy Book" is a book promptly shunned by readers who read. Such a book is as true to life as a child's book of sketches—shapes whose conventional outlines make them pass for men and women and wheelbarrows, daubed in colors of unshaded radiance.

The manufacturers of the happy book and the happy ending are unhampered by such bagatelles as life and truth and art, and thus perhaps their nursery pinks and blues may bring joy to all but two perverse classes, the writers who yearn to portray life, the readers who yearn to have it portrayed. These two classes belong, however, to the still larger one of worriers-by-conviction. They remember, perhaps, a certain passage of inimitable anguish over the casting of a little silver image. Why should Cellini have worried over his Perseus? Merely because he was Cellini and an artist. They remember the sweatings and the blood-lettings with which certain books have come forth—books not happy, perhaps, but for all eternity great, because by painting truth they clear our eyes and strengthen our wills to manufacture our own happiness.

The worriers-by-conviction know that in no department of life is the maxim that conscience makes cowards of us all so true as in the æsthetic. Fear is the beginning of imagination, and the only kind possible to dull minds. It follows that fear is the first step in the evolution of appreciation, which finds its flower in the creative temperament. All along the advance pessimism, pointing out the shadows, prying into the pitfalls, sharpens the sense for values of which true art must be composed. The imagination that is able to visualize any success worth achieving must necessarily be able to visualize failure and to quiver beneath the lash of its possibility. The artist who does not worry had better instantly spur himself to worry over that fact, for worry is a fundamental intellectual asset.

The moral advantage of fever and fret are even greater than the mental. Our ancestors recognized this fact and provided for it, but our pusillanimous cheerfulness recoils before their robust recognition of muscle. Knowing the placidity resultant from being unable to stand up and fight a good husky Fear on his own ground, they created the Fear and the ground, calling the one the Devil and the other Hell. There used to be a most stimulating little signboard at the entrance of hell, "Who enters here leaves hope behind," but many moderns make the depressing amendment, "There isn't any such 'here' to enter." In like manner, unconsciously, we pine for the good old devil of our forefathers. He used to be always hanging around handy for you to test your heroism upon him. He was worry incarnate, providing the most muscular exercise for anybody who wanted to wrestle. The anti-worry campaign denies the usefulness of bugaboos, whereas a really good bugaboo is a liberal education. Constant companionship with him is a training in imagination, in sympathy, in self-dependence, and, last—an argument which knocks out from under him the strongest support of the optimist—in the joy of life.

Can the non-worrier ever know the hero thrill of the hair-breadth rescues we did not make when the boat did not go down? Can he experience the pride of the economy we did not practice when the bank did not fail? Has he ever tested the quintessence of relief when the best-loved one did not die of the pneumonia she did not have? How can the poor optimist ever discover that one actually runs faster toward one's desire when the dogs of worry are nipping one's heels? Never the goal so alluring, never the pace so fleet, never the tingle of achievement so keen, as when one perceives the prize threatened. What does he know about success, the man who has never feared that he might fail? What does he know about happiness, anyway, the man who believes in being happy all the time? The truth is that worry puts a gilt edge of joy on everything.

But worry, to be genuinely educative, should be systematic and not slipshod. The worrier should have convictions to meet those of the good-cheer propagandist. But in this effort after analysis and argument your worrier must be mindful of one danger. Method with melancholy inclines to have the same result as the proverbial tear-bottle offered to the crying child. In other words, worry is an elusive visitor; welcomed and analyzed, she is as likely as not to go flying out of the window.

THE HAPPY EREMITE TENDS THE FURNACE

The Happy Eremite opened the furnace door.
His worst fears were confirmed.
The fire had "died on him."

He looked at the dead gray surface over the fire-pot and softly cursed. He was not a frequent user of profanity, but, like the periodical drunkard, he was a demon when roused. If ever there was justification for extreme language, he felt, now was the time for it. For the particular furnace over which he stood guardian belonged in that class of things animate and inanimate which are mild and sweet and easy-going as long as you sedulously respect their routine, and are disagreeable and mean and balky when you presume to break it. The furnace would go along for weeks and months with a shaking and so-and-so many shovels of coal in the morning, and so-and-so many shovels without the shaking at night, and the dampers always just this way and the check-drafts always just that way; and then out of the south on a day would come a ship-load of warm winds, escaped somehow out of the dungeons of winter, and the Happy Eremite would throw a shovelful less than usual on the fire in the morning, and would change the dampers and the check-drafts a bit, and would scatter ashes over the fire at night and leave a bed of ashes under the fire by day; and then, perhaps because the air was balmy and deliciously unlike winter, he would forget all about the fire in the furnace for two or three hours or half a day.

And then the fire, disgruntled at the interruption of the routine and peeved at his inattention, would "go and die on him," as it had "died on him" now; and the labor of resurrecting it was as no other labor known.

For there was first the dead fire to remove; first endless shaking, then endless shoveling of ashes out of the furnace into the ash-barrel amid clouds of dust that invaded his eyes and ears and nostrils and settled heavily on his hair and his clothes; then the slow building of the fire in the fire-pot, so deep that the kindling disappeared as into a bottomless pit.

It was in the making of the new fire that the furnace displayed its most cantankerous qualities, for whereas it habitually drew with a fury that was the coal man's delight and the Happy Eremite's despair, it sullenly discouraged the kindling from burning and refused a current of oxygen even to the crunched ball of newspaper underneath. The part of the Happy Eremite thereupon was to dive into the blackness of the fire-pot and draw forth the sticks of charred wood, and rebuild. He did this sometimes twice, occasionally more often still. At last the kindling would burn.

And at this point the furnace would reveal another facet of its disagreeable disposition. If the Happy Eremite chose to remain in the choking air of the cellar, the preliminary blaze would sputter and struggle for existence for a half-hour or

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more before the fire-bed would be ready for the first lumps of coal carefully laid upon it by hand; but if he chose to use that half-hour to do some other work under pleasanter surroundings the kindling would flare up like paper and be burned to dead ashes long before he returned. Even when he did arrive in time, the task of building up a roaring coal fire on a few sticks, through the interstices of which the coal slipped with a hopeless clatter to the grate beneath, was laborious and trying to the soul. It consumed three hours at least, with always the possibility that while the Happy Eremite was on other errands the fire would take it into its head to burn itself out, leaving to its distracted warden the renewal of his labors, even from the beginning.

All these things being as they were, the Happy Eremite was profane not without reason when he discovered that the fire had "died on him."

He gave up the afternoon to rebuilding. He had planned to do other things, pleasanter things, and he felt gloom settle like ash dust on his spirit as he went about his grimy labors.

"Lord! This is winter in the country!" he grumbled. "December—four solid months to go! Furnace morning, noon, and night. Frozen pipes, frozen water systems, frozen auto radiators, frozen fingers, frozen ears, departing cooks. Man was not meant to live in the country in winter. He was not meant to be so 'strapped' that he has to hang about a furnace as a mother about a baby. It's absurd! It's a waste of time. It's a waste of energy. This is the last winter I spend at Merribell Hill. Next year we go South if we have to go in a flivver and have to live in tents!"

The Happy Eremite had said all that before. He had said it five successive winters, each year determining that surely this ordeal of storm and bitter cold should be the last. And somehow he had managed to stick each winter through and to face the next.

"Be a sport!" said a voice somewhere inside him.

"Sport be hanged!" he answered, indignantly. "I don't want to be a sport! I want to be warm. I want to sit under a palm tree and fan myself. I want to live on bananas and cocoanuts. I never want to see a furnace again!"

He threw a shovel of coal on the fire. "As Sarah used to say: *Jamais!*"

"Crawler!" said the voice.

"Nonsense!" he answered. "There's no use your trying to make a moral issue out of my objection to winter."

"You need winter," remarked the voice within.

"How do I need it?"

"Your fiber needs toughening. You've had too pleasant an autumn on top of a long summer. Old man, you are getting soft."

"Nothing of the sort!"

"Winter is the tonic of souls. It looks to me as though you needed a tablespoonful night and morning and between meals. You need some coal-shoveling, some nipping of the ears, some lashing of the face with bitter winds, some laboring in knee-deep snow over frozen radiators. You need those things, and you know you need them. That is why you have never kept your resolve to go South. Men were not meant to dodge the seasons. They were meant to brave them all, the cold and the hot, and out of the struggle to build a backbone to carry them through the seasons of ease."

"Your ideas are highly edifying," said the Happy Eremite to the monitory voice within. "But suppose I should tell you that I don't feel in a mood to be edified, that I wouldn't care whether I had a backbone or not if it were only June, and that I wouldn't take all the fiber in the world for the sight of an apple tree in blossom; what then?"

They argued it out. The Happy Eremite ascended the cellar stairs dreamily and wandered out into the crisp air. He debated the matter at length with his philosophic adviser and was on the hill above the barn, enjoying the clear blue strip of water that was the Sound, three miles away, before he returned to full consciousness of this world's affairs, notably the furnace.

"And all the drafts are wide open!" he cried.

He ran back to the house at top speed.

His worst fears were confirmed. Once more the fire had "died on him."

He chuckled. Then he laughed. Then he reached for the shaker.

"Come on, old boy! No rest for the weary! But, Lord, we are going to have a most *remarkable* soul at the end of this winter!" said the Happy Eremite.

THE LAST ADVANCE

BY CAPTAIN W. KERR RAINSFORD

Our readers will remember that Captain Rainsford contributed to The Outlook last April a spirited poem, "Faugh-a-Ballagh" (Clear the Way), just as his regiment, the 307th Infantry, was starting for the front. His regiment has proved to be all that "Faugh-a-Ballagh" promised for it. Captain Rainsford was wounded in two battles. On recovering from the wounds of the first battle he took part in the Argonne offensive, where he was again shot four times. He is now recovering in a base hospital, where these verses were written.—THE EDITORS.

We have shed our blood with the English blood;
  We have bled with bleeding France;
We have joined our steel in the last appeal
  At the red tribunal of Chance,
Where shoulder to shoulder the nations stand
  For the glorious last advance.

Shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart,
  Bound with a blood-red chain,
In the meadows where Fate has danced with Hate
  In the drip of a blood-red rain;
In the trampled meadows where Death has reaped,
  Has sown—and has reaped again;
Brothers in pain and sick fatigue
  And in purpose, that recks not pain—

We have buried our dead on a thousand hills,
  And thousands unburied lie,
In battered village and shattered wood,
  Agape at the drenching sky,
Where they poured their blood in the trampled mud
  As a witness to God on high—
As the last full price of sacrifice
  For that which shall never die.

But the ghosts of the twice-fought fields shall rise,
  At the charging battalions' shout;
Shall swirl in the smoke of the last barrage
  Over bayonet fight and rout—
Shall sing in the scream of passing shell
  As we sweep to the last redoubt.

For the hour has struck, and the kingdoms rock
  On the last red verge of War—
Our countless dead in the wind o'erhead
  At the final barrier,—
One swift-drawn breath in the wind of death,
  And the Merciful Gates before,
Where Freedom stands with outspread hands
  Forever and evermore.

. . . . . .

And some shall come home through a sea of flags
  When the cannon their thunder cease;
And some shall lie alone with the sky
  In the Valley of Long Release;
And what shall it matter—if Freedom stand
  On the Rock of Eternal Peace?

American Base Hospital, Bordeaux, October, 1918.

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ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT SURRENDER

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM GREAT BRITAIN

This is the first of a series of articles in the form of editorial correspondence from Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott, of the editorial staff of The Outlook. Mr. Abbott has just been visiting Great Britain and France, with other editorial writers, at the invitation and under the auspices of the British Government. Naturally, he has had unusual opportunities for seeing and noting conditions which are of paramount interest to American readers.

After the armistice was signed, The Outlook, by cable, requested Mr. Abbott to go to Paris and to remain there to witness the meeting of the delegates of the Peace Conference and follow its discussions. Out of this will come a second series of articles, which will deal with the most important world subject of our time.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gregory Mason, of The Outlook's staff, whose war correspondence articles from England and Ireland have recently been appearing in The Outlook, will, at our cabled request, reach Berlin at the first opportunity, probably visiting in the meantime the territory on the west bank of the Rhine now occupied by the Allied forces. He will perhaps also visit Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia. Mr. Mason was in Paris at the time of the armistice and is now in his new field of observation.

These two series of articles, in our judgment, will cover adequately from two different view-points the historical event in which the prime interest of civilization is now centered.—THE EDITORS.

THROUGH the mist which lay thick and cold on the waters of the Firth of Forth loomed a steel-gray battleship. Then another, and another. From the deck of the submarine chaser on which I stood with a group of American visitors these huge vessels of war looked like carved rocks of granite. They might well have been craggy islands which a race of giants had sculptured into the semblance of grim fortresses. They were as silent and seemed as immovable as if they were a part of the stony crust of the earth jutting up from the sea bottom. In and out among these monstrous forms ran the submarine chaser like a greyhound coursing among the pinnacles of rock in the Garden of the Gods. As one squadron of four battleships emerged from the mist another squadron was enveloped and faded from view. If the day had been brilliant with sunlight and the whole Grand Fleet could have been seen at once assembled in the firth, I could not have received the impression of immeasurable power that was conveyed by the sight of these colossal things coming out of the mist and then going behind it again one after another apparently without end.

Among these squadrons of British battleships and cruisers was one consisting of battleships as grim and as gray, as silent and as implacable, as the rest, but of a different pattern. Instead of the tripod masts they raised aloft basket masts, and instead of the Union Jack they flew the Stars and Stripes. It was not merely the British fleet that lay there—it was an international fleet, an Anglo-American fleet, a fleet putting into fact the ideal of the commonwealth of the English-speaking peoples of the world.

And that Grand Fleet was there waiting the consummation of its victory over the worst, the most despicable foe that sea power has ever had to deal with—a foe that has resorted to the most contemptible form of piracy, that has engaged in the stealthy murder of women and children, that has done his best to destroy the noblest traditions of the sea, and that was now about to accept defeat without a fight. Three days later the most powerful of German battleships and cruisers steamed ingloriously into the firth and were given up. And the silent warships of Britain and America gave no salute and made no sign of triumph. The silence and immobility of those warships as they waited for the Germans and as they received the surrender symbolized the nature of the struggle in which the sea power of Britain—supported at last by America—had engaged. The "day" which the Germans used to toast proved a day of humiliation. Is there any other people on earth shameless enough to do what the German naval officers did in the Firth of Forth on November 21, 1918?

On the waters of the firth near Edinburgh I saw a picture of Great Britain inexorable.

Now let me try to draw another picture.

At almost exactly the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918, when the roar of artillery suddenly subsided into silence on the front in France and Belgium, I stepped ashore in Ireland. I was in Paris the day war broke over France, and in London the day war broke over England. It fell to my lot to be in Dublin the day fighting ceased. And I am sure it was the place to be in of all places on earth, for I believe that nowhere else was the end of the war received as it was in that city.

As I stood in the lobby of the Shelbourne Hotel (which was one of the scenes of the fighting in the Sinn Fein uprising in 1916) I heard the confused sound of voices shouting outside. Turning, I saw a small mob of young men waving flags and trying to force their way in through the revolving door. In a moment they were in the lobby. I heard among the shouts the word "American." Like a pack of hounds, they were off through the main floor of the hotel; then in a moment they reappeared carrying a young naval officer (I think I caught sight of the American insignia) and a struggling civilian who looked very uncomfortable as they tried to put him on their shoulders. They made their exit shouting and bearing their two hero-victims along the street. A man at the door looked on contemptuously.

"They wave the Union Jack now," he said in scorn. "That's all they have done. They didn't go and fight."

I had just come from London. There, with few exceptions, the young men I saw—and I saw them by hundreds and thousands—were in khaki. Here in Dublin there was a crowd of young men, and I don't think there was a man in khaki among them. Of course there are Irishmen from the south as well as the north who have been fighting, but nowhere in England could you see what I saw in that Dublin hotel.

That evening Grafton Street was full of a cheering, singing crowd. The windows and flagstaffs blossomed with the Union Jack. Young men and young women in squads were marching back and forth, arm in arm. As I worked my way through the crowd toward Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland the crowd grew thinner. Before I reached the Post Office (the center of destruction in the Sinn Fein uprising) the people were standing around in groups. A man in Australian uniform was haranguing a group of people. He had evidently been celebrating the armistice with Irish whisky and was having the time of his life. There was, however, almost no drunkenness. I saw no policemen till I came upon a group of them at the head of Sackville Street.

Then, as it drew towards midnight and the loyal demonstration began to subside, I saw a big crowd coming along Grafton Street from the direction of St. Stephen's Green. As they drew near, I heard them singing songs I did not know and waving flags bearing a tricolor—green, white, and orange. There was no mistaking them—Sinn Feiners. As they came on their numbers augmented. In the center was a fairly organized group, marching in step; and on either side and behind these were hundreds of disorganized men and women. There must have been two thousand people in the street by the time the crowd reached Trinity College. The songs they were singing were rebel songs, the spirit of the organized group at least was a rebel spirit. Then over their heads came the sound of "God Save the King." It was from a group of students behind the high iron fence that incloses the courtyard at the entrance to Trinity College, on Grafton Street. A few in the outskirts of the crowd in the street joined in the patriotic song, while the Sinn Feiners raised their voices and sang the more defiantly. At the gates to the College the crowd stopped, and there ensued a duel of song, rebel against loyalist. The group behind the fence slowly withdrew to the gates in the archway entrance to the stone building; the Sinn Fein crowd called out their taunts and received taunts in rejoinder. Then the police, who had made no appearance till now, began to mingle with the crowd. They were exceptionally tall men; their heads rose above the crowd, and their helmets added to their height; but they made no effort to use force. As they moved slowly, good-naturedly, gently, among the crowd the people quietly gave way, and before the gates in the College had closed upon the last of the student group the crowd began to disperse. But only for a few minutes. A motor car which had

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been approaching the crowd stopped in the middle of the square. There was something the matter with the motor. A small knot of people gathered about it, blocking off the headlights that had been sending their glare into the faces of the people. Somebody tried to start the car by pushing it. I walked over near the car to see what was happening. A young woman, smartly dressed, was at the steering-wheel. She seemed helpless but quite self-composed. The crowd about the car grew larger. I thought it seemed a bit unfriendly. Then the crowd began pushing the car backward and forward. Two men in khaki had opened the hood of the engine and were working over it. The young woman opened the car door and called out to the crowd, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! These men have been fighting ——." The crowd shouted derisively. Then the "bobbies" appeared again, and gently walked among the crowd, and the crowd meekly gave way. That is the way Dublin celebrated the armistice—with Union Jack and Sinn Fein tricolor, with cries of loyalty and rebellion. Under what rule except that of the British could such things be? Would we in America let sedition show its head in the midst of a celebration of victory?

On the streets of Dublin the picture I saw was not of Great Britain inexorable like that which I saw a few days later in the Firth of Forth, but of Great Britain indulgent.

It is these two aspects of British character, typified by the battleship and the "bobby," that are showing themselves in this time of victory, and are going to be in evidence in Britain's dealing with the appalling problems of peace. Germany made the mistake at the outbreak of the war of seeing only the British bobby and forgetting the British battleship. She could never understand how it was possible to mingle in the same character kindliness and sternness, good nature and inflexibility. The British had always been so ready to be friendly that the Germans could not imagine them to be capable of becoming implacable foes. The mistake Germany made has brought her to her ruin. And, strange to say, even after four years of war, four years of cruel suffering, Britain remains British. Whatever change there has been shows itself in the intensification of both qualities. Britain was never so kindly, never so stern, as she is to-day.

This fact has been made evident in the attitude of people with whom I have talked and in the newspapers and journals I have read in England, Scotland, and Ireland since I arrived on the last day of October. As our steamship, the Orduna, docked at Liverpool a newsboy, in return for pennies tossed to him from the deck of the ship, threw over the latest edition of a Liverpool paper. For the first time we learned what had happened since we left New York, eleven days before. In those eleven days the whole structures of the Central Empires had collapsed. The end of the war had virtually come. Turkey had capitulated. Austria was in ruins. Germany was at bay. How was Britain taking it? Apparently as if the war was to continue for months or years. The sale of war bonds on the streets of Liverpool was in full swing. There was no sign of celebration. The rule as to the darkening of the windows of trains was still in full force. When we arrived in London, we found the streets so dark that it was hard to distinguish the street lamps from the dim lights on the taxicabs and buses. And the people were serious. There was no note of jubilation in their voices. The war was still on. Not an ounce of the might of the Empire was removed from the force of its blows. The week went by. When our steamer, the Munster (sister ship of the Leinster, which the Germans had murdered), after crossing the Irish Sea, drew near to Kingstown, we found awaiting us a dirigible, and were met by an airplane that scouted around us as if the submarine was as acute a menace as ever. For several days the news of the armistice had been awaited with a tensity commensurate with the suffering Great Britain had endured. Then came the news of the armistice, of the Kaiser's abdication, of his ignoble flight into Holland, and of the disturbances in Germany, amounting to what seemed like revolution.

What I then wished first of all to learn was what British people thought should be done with Germany and her leaders in crime. And this I quickly found to be true—that the nearer a man had been to the actual scene of the struggle, the more that he knew of what the enemy had done, the more that he had seen of the evil that the Germans had wrought, the sterner he was. The sternest of all were—perhaps naturally—the men of the navy. The submarine had been supremely the incarnation of German criminal lawlessness. It was in her stealthy, merciless murders at sea that she had given the most open evidence of her criminality. So the naval men whom I asked replied almost without exception with another question, "Why not hang them?" On the other hand, I was surprised at the evidence I encountered that even after all this suffering from the criminal warfare of Germans on land and sea there were people in Great Britain inclined to levity. The very scorn of the German which led some to speak of hanging seemed to lead others to think that it was beneath Great Britain to do anything more to Germans than she had done already. There seems to be an opinion in some quarters over here, too, that the Kaiser is a king, and that it is not quite seemly or regular to hang kings. This opinion is based in some cases on the theory that a king, as one distinguished Churchman put it, is not a free agent, and therefore should not be treated as a criminal who can be held accountable for his actions. Moreover, I was asked what precedent there was for such executions. My answer was that this was an unprecedented war; that precedent is to be looked for not in international practices but in the criminal law; and that at least one precedent is to be found in the prosecution and punishment inflicted for the iniquities of Andersonville prison. In general, I think, it may be said that sternness predominates in England and Scotland in opinion concerning the dealing with any who can be found guilty of the actual perpetration of atrocities.

Though the vindication of the public law of nations by the punishment of those guilty of violating it is most fundamental, it is not the task that engages the thought of people here most strongly. The tasks that lie on people's minds here are mainly those involved in building a new world. Already New England appears in the newspaper headlines as a name, not for a geographical part of the United States, but for a conception of what Old England must become. Indeed, England has already undertaken to plan for the future. As long before the end of the war as 1915 a Parliamentary sub-committee on reconstruction was formed, and in 1917 a department or bureau, called the Ministry of Reconstruction, to deal with problems of commerce, transportation, employment of women, sanitation, and many others arising out of the war. If England sometimes seems to be looking at her social problems with the good nature of a Dublin bobby, she has her mind set on them now with something of the sternness of a battleship.

But more than the problem of vindicating the public law of nations, more than reconstructing her internal Constitution, England is concerned with the problems of the new relations between the nations and races of the world. These involve problems of material restoration of devastated territories, of the release of peoples held subjugated by the old militaristic imperialism of Central Europe, and the establishment of some basis of international co-operation, commonly called the League of Nations.

In the course of this piece of correspondence I cannot deal with this except in two or three of its phases as illustrating what seems to me to be England's present temper.

In the first place, England is looking to America for active partnership in undertaking these tasks. She has been led to do so largely by what President Wilson has been saying. British people, without regard to party, have developed an amazing confidence in our President. They have forgotten, deliberately put out of their minds, the unpleasant experiences of our period of neutrality. They attribute to the President all that America has done to help win the war, and they are generous in estimating its value. They expect great things from the ideals that the President has announced. They consider his statements as promises of America's active participation in the labor of making the world safe for free nations and small law-abiding peoples. They see Russia in turmoil and near to Germany; they fear what may happen if Germany can keep the turmoil stirred up while she gathers in Russia's economic resources. They believe that America's promises mean something practical in dealing with Russia. And the good nature of the British shows itself in a willingness to fall in with almost anything America—which to British people means President Wilson—suggests. They foresee and plan for a Commonwealth of Nations, as some of them call it, with the English-speaking

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peoples as already constituting its nucleus because of their existing community of laws and institutions and ideals. So these British brothers of ours are full of faith in us. They have seen our Navy working with theirs "without a hitch" (as one American naval officer put it to me), and they believe that what we have done with our two navies we can do with anything.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that in this consideration of future international relationships Great Britain is all merely good nature. Her sternness is there, too. If we understand that, we shall work with her all the better, for there is sternness in the American character as well. American naval officers worked in full accord with the British because they had standards which British strictness helped to maintain.

If we are going to have any real part as a Nation in building the structure of the new world, we shall have to remember that one of our partners in the enterprise has the same kind of granite in her nature that we like to think we have.

There are two things especially for America to remember if she is to continue to have power in actually participating in the task of making the world "safe for democracy." One thing is that Great Britain expects us to be more than theoretical. Making the world safe for democracy means doing something to make Russia safe—and that will require something besides words, and something right away. The other is that we must find out what we mean by what we say. If we say, "Freedom of the seas," we must be ready to say what that means when Great Britain says "Gibraltar" and "Panama." We must be ready to say what we mean by "self-determination." The test of America is coming in these next few months when the immediate problems of co-operation with other nations on an existing basis of facts confront us. If we do not hold ourselves sternly to the meeting of that test, we shall not find that our theories as to the way the world should be ultimately organized will have much weight. To meet that test will require continual sacrifice. America's share in the burdens of the world war and its consequences did not come to an end with the signing of Germany's great surrender. ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

London, England, November 25, 1918.

THE SONG OF MEN

BY THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

Well-nigh two thousand years to-night
A host of angels, robed in light,
Came singing down the starry height;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Some simple shepherds heard them sing,
Sing of a Child, a Saviour-king,—
And let their flocks go wandering;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

They met two Wise-Men on their way,
Led by a star's prophetic ray;
They found a Baby in the hay;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

The Child grew up, obscure, denied,
Between two thieves, at last, He died,
The words He spake went far and wide;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Christmas, 1918.

Two thousand years,—no angels throng
The silent skies,—the ancient Song
Springs from the earth, triumphant, strong;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

"Good will, good will," to-night as then,
Glad tidings of great joy again,
But they who sing of Peace are men;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

The Song of Man has but begun,
Great discords through the measures run,
But centuries their work have done;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

For shepherds, kings, and wise men say
The Child that in the manger lay
Is Prince of Peace on earth to-day;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES

IV—SELF-DETERMINATION AND ASSISTED DETERMINATION OF STATES[1]

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AMONG the principles set forth in President Wilson's speeches of February 11, 1918, and July 4, 1918, appear the following: "That all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new, or perpetuating old, elements of discord and antagonism." "The settlement of questions, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned."

This is the great principle of free nations, to which others have applied the term "self-determination." It is our own American ideal of right government; it is an essential part of that democracy which is to be made safe by the war. It means liberty and happiness to millions of people in Europe and in Asia who have longed for this great day. It means likewise the permanent break-up of such artificial and unwholesome combinations as the former Austro-Hungarian and Turkish Empires. It will bring about a new map of the world in which the boundaries of race, language, and religious groups shall correspond, as near as may be, to the political boundaries of the various countries. It is a blow to the continuance of unreal countries, made up of hostile sections, in which majority populations are bent to the will of a minority race.

Let no one approach this task of changing the line fences in a jaunty frame of mind, expecting to receive blessings from the countries thus self-determined! The fate of the ex-Kaiser, the German indemnities, and the freedom of the seas are all easy problems compared with the carving out of new countries on the devastated sites of old empires.

The first difficulty is that Europe is not broken up into race or language areas with sharp and exact boundaries which can be fitted together like a dissected picture. Some countries, like France, Germany, and Italy, have a large central block of people speaking one language and recognizing one nationality; but many other countries are made up of diverse elements. Switzerland has a German area, a French area, an Italian area, besides a region in which Romansch is the home language. In Belgium the Flemings and the Walloons were at odds with each other till the attempt of the national enemy, Germany, to drive a wedge between them brought them into a new brotherhood.

[1] The first of this series of articles appeared in The Outlook for December 4 under the title "A Great World Congress." The second (December 11 issue) was called "The Question of Small States." The third (December 18 issue) was called "Pains and Penalties Before the Congress of Nations." Other articles will follow in consecutive series.—THE EDITORS.

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Austria-Hungary is broken up between three predominant races —the German, Hungarian, and Slav. The Balkans are a maze and tangle of races, languages, and religions.

The point is not simply the existence of race units like the Bohemians, which, till emancipation came, were embedded in empires which they hated, but that inside these interior units are other race and language areas. For instance, in the northern border of Bohemia, along the mountains which are the ancient military frontier of that country, is a German population which has been striving to make head against the Bohemians for a little matter of three hundred years. Inside of the right and reasonable boundaries of Serbia is a Bulgarian element, and among the Bulgarians are some Greek villages. Some towns that are chiefly Italian-speaking may be found in Dalmatia, which is a Slav region. There are many islands of Bulgarian population in Rumania, and German settlements are peppered all through southern Hungary—some of them in the midst of an undoubted Rumanian population.

The difficulty is obvious. What part of the population shall make the self-determination? Shall Moravia, for instance, be included with its close neighbor, Bohemia—or is Moravia entitled to self-determination? This complication reaches very far. The United States of America takes the just and reasonable ground that there is no such thing as self-determination for any race or language group within the boundaries of this Nation. Fortunately for us, no State and no city is the peculiar habitat of any European race. If all the Hungarians were assembled in Pennsylvania, and all the Germans in Illinois, and all the Italians in Massachusetts, and all the Greeks in New Hampshire, and all the Irish in New York City, we should have the same kind of race difficulties as those which have broken the Austrian Empire to smash.

The only race in this country that is mostly distributed through a section is the Negro—nine millions of people living chiefly in ten States. The last thing that the people of those communities or the people of the United States intend is to grant self-determination to that race. In fact, our opposition to self-determination within the Federal Republic went to the point of a Civil War in which the North resisted the attempt to self-determinate a Southern Confederacy. The two contestants expended eight hundred thousand lives in the proof that we had better stay together in one Nation.

The conditions are very different in Central Europe, where old nations like the Poles—people who have had their own speech, religion, literature, and the traditions for centuries—have been placed brutally under the control of master races. We in the United States are trying to prevent the conditions of internal hatred and war and tyranny which brought about such forced and unnatural unions of peoples that felt no brotherly love for each other. We aim to create an American race, made up of many elements, in which all strains of blood and all forms of religion shall find a common law and a common language. Our own condition, however, should make us aware of the difficulties which confront the Versailles Congress.

One of the Allies has a problem of its own which we are assured is about to be solved to the satisfaction of all parties. Ireland demands Home Rule, which as a separate race with a national religion it seems entitled to demand on the principle of self-determination; but what of Ulster, with a different race and religion? English statesmen say that Ulster is to have a separate self-determination; then what of the considerable Irish Catholic population which is included in the Protestant counties? Where does self-determination stop?

Several similar and acute problems of the same kind will come before the Congress, from whose settlement there will be no appeal. As for the Bohemian question, the Germans who have settled within the perfectly defined boundaries of that country must plainly accept the rule of the majority or leave. A regular colony of difficulties appears in the four Baltic provinces, where Germans are apparently the landowners and various Slav races and Letts are the original inhabitants and a large majority of the people. Are there to be four self-determinations there, or one? Another case is Albania, and a very hard case, for these people, who greatly resemble the Scotch Highlanders of two hundred years ago in their clan system and their fondness for the Lowlanders' cattle, are pressed on the east by the Serbs and on the south by the Greeks, while on the west the Italians claim a "protectorate" over the Albanians, the only people in southern Europe, except the Montenegrins, who were never conquered by the Romans nor the Byzantines nor the Turks.

Other difficult problems can be found in the territory shortly to be abandoned by the Turks, who are the worst enemies of self-determination and of freedom in any guise. Take Armenia. It seems to be true that in the district called before the war Turkish Armenia there are more Kurds and Turks and members of other races than Armenians. How does that come? Mainly because the Turks in successive massacres have rooted out a considerable part of the Armenian race with the express object of putting them under the domination of their inferior neighbors. Shall that frightful crime against humanity succeed? Shall the present Armenians be deprived of self-determination because half of them have already been deprived of their lives? Conditions are somewhat similar in Syria, for the Arabs, who are certain to have self-determination in the neighboring Kingdom of Arabia, appear to be more numerous than the Syrians and Jews.

Manifestly all these contorted areas will have to be reviewed by the Congress in cases where there is a protesting race inclosed within a majority race. It is not desirable to subdivide the fragments of Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Turkey into still smaller fragments which are bound to be too little for the development of a nation and too weak for self-protection. A possible course which would solve at least the problems of inclosed villages and small settlements would be to establish clearing-houses for the exchange of land. For instance, all the Greek peasants now living in Serbia, Macedonia, and Bulgaria; all the Macedonians in Greek territory; all the Serbians in Albania, might file an inventory of their lands and buildings and immovable property before an international commission which should reassign properties of equivalent value and fertility for each farmer among his own countrymen. In Macedonia, in parts of Hungary, and in Asia Minor something of the kind will have to be done, or else those parts of the earth will go back to the old condition of brigandage, petty civil war, and massacre. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was an iniquity; it systematically oppressed and depressed the majority of its own people; but it kept order. The united world in Congress assembled must not do less than that, and must do much more.

Does self-determination extend to the choice of the form of government by the new units? Of course the royal Governments of Great Britain and Italy, the three Scandinavian Powers, Holland, and Spain can hardly object to the setting up of kingdoms and the creation of nobilities in the new countries. There are still three kings left in the Balkans—in Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro; but it is hard to see where Bohemia or Croatia or Poland or Finland can find a royal house, especially since the German kings and kinglets have retired from business. There ought to be, and doubtless will be, a new group of republics, all of which will be hastened by the example and the sympathy of the United States of America.

Still, whether kingdoms or republics, most of the new nations will have small populations and moderate means. Many of them will be shut off from the sea. A congregation of small, struggling, rival Powers, dependent upon imports for many of the necessaries of life, cannot be harmonious. The only solution would seem to be self-determinant federations—such as the aggregation to which the name of Jugoslavia has been given. It does not seem possible that Croatia, Bosnia, and Serbia can be welded into a unified country, but they are excellent soil for a federation with the four Baltic provinces. So with western Asia Minor; so with the Balkans, although it will be about as easy to unite the Balkan Powers together under a genuine federal government as to unite the I. W. W., the American Federation of Labor, and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York into a smooth-running corporation.

Nevertheless, that is the direction in which the influences of the United States ought to go in a World Congress. We must recognize small nationalities, must try to adjust the difficult question of inclosed race units, and then lead in the direction of combinations into federal units sufficiently large and varied in their resources to make them real nations, capable of taking their place among the recognized Powers of the earth.

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PEACE AND PATERNALISM

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL

The author of this article is Vice-President of the Thomas A. Edison Corporation, one of the large employers of labor in this country. What he has to say, therefore, upon the labor problem during the period of reconstruction and readjustment deserves and will receive, we believe, the interested consideration of our readers.—THE EDITORS.

RECENTLY, on a cold gray day, six of us, welcoming escape from our underheated offices, gathered at luncheon before a cheerful wood fire. The talk was of business conditions after the war. Each of us had a different opinion.

One man said: "Europe has been on a four years' spree and the United States has been whooping it for a year and a half. We'll wake up shaky and with a headache and commence to count our money. Everything will look pretty bad, but Uncle Sam will mix us something to taper off on and in a few months we'll be going ahead in good shape."

Another man shook his head: "Politics won't permit Uncle Sam to help us taper off. The Democrats are a minority party. In order to win they've got to capture a big vote that doesn't naturally belong to them. Economy will be a big issue. '*Get the boys back home in a hurry*' will be another; '*Ease up on paternalism, don't Prussianize America*' will be still another. Political expediency is going to prevent Uncle Sam from doing a lot of things he would like to do and maybe ought to do."

A third man interposed: "President Wilson can do anything he wants to do. He has the people back of him as no other President ever had them. Everybody is for him. You scarcely hear a word of criticism."

"That's just the trouble," another member of the party said. "During the war it hasn't been decent to criticise or disagree. After the war it will be different. We shall make up for lost time then. We shall feel that we've earned the privilege of opposing the President. I certainly doubt if he can run things with as high a hand after the war as he has been doing."

I have quoted thus liberally from our luncheon-table conversation because I believe it developed an important phase of that perplexing problem, "What will business conditions be during the first three years of peace?" What will America stand for in the shape of paternalism when the exigencies of warfare no longer actuate a patriotic impulse of submission to Government control? The question is obviously political, and I am unable to visualize any sufficient political adhesion of the various divergent social and economic interests to perpetuate after the war a substantial Federal control over individual activities.

The immediate future of labor is probably the pith of the problem. It is idle to deny that there will be a considerable turnover of labor as a result of the transition from war work to peace work, but the term war work is somewhat misleading and its indiscriminate use tends to magnify the difficulties of the situation. The Bethlehem Steel Company is generally regarded as a striking example of an industry devoted entirely to war work, yet only one-eighth of its total orders on October 1 were for guns, armor plate, projectiles, and other implements of destruction. Furthermore, only one-eighth of the Bethlehem Company's total investment is in property and equipment for the manufacture of ordnance. In other words, seven-eighths of that Company's equipment is at present set up to manufacture, and presumably seven-eighths of its workmen have been employed in the manufacture, of articles which, although largely intended for military use, could with varying changes be adapted to peaceful purposes, and for many of which there is an immediate civilian need. If prices can be promptly stabilized to an extent that will persuade buyers to place their orders without delay, it is conceivable that the Bethlehem Steel Company could turn from war work to peace work without the necessity of curtailing its working force more than fifteen per cent. However, even this percentage, if applied to all of the several million war workers, would produce temporary unemployment.

It is pointed out that our farms could absorb several hundred thousand of the men previously employed on war work, but experience has shown that men grown accustomed to factory work do not as a rule look with favor on farm work. But Uncle Sam as a labor agent can accomplish a great deal if manufacturers generally will employ his services. Unfortunately, the Government's activities in connection with labor during the war have been somewhat disquieting to employers, many of whom suspect that there is a disposition on the part of the present Government to propitiate labor at their expense in the interests of certain political ambitions. If any such effort is in progress, it is not likely to meet with enduring success, as the workingman has a proverbially short memory for political favors if he is beset by lack of employment or other unfavorable conditions during the administration of the party from which he received such favors. It is scarcely to be believed that any responsible member of our present Government hopes to create a permanent political asset by dealing unjustly with the employing class. There is, to be sure, the temptation to seek a temporary advantage by some dramatic stroke calculated to crystallize favorably the sentiment of the laboring class, but such strategy is preferably practiced when an important election is near at hand, and the present does not afford a timely opportunity.

To my mind, the business prosperity of the country during the first year of peace depends more upon the way labor is handled than upon any other single factor. It seems to me highly important that the President create a Governmental agency that by reason of its personnel, its objects, and its methods can command the complete confidence and merit the hearty co-operation of all employers, from farmer to mill-owner.

The United States Employment Service has not apparently earned the entire approbation of a majority of the manufacturers who have come into contact with it. The same is largely true of other agencies of the Government which have sought to stabilize wages and exercise various forms of control over the relations between capital and labor. This attitude on the part of manufacturers is no doubt due in some cases to an instinctive hostility to any interference with the relations between their employees and themselves, while in other cases incompetency on the part of Government representatives may be blamed. The first objection can be removed if it is made clear that Uncle Sam, in acting as a peace-time labor agent, is simply trying to find jobs for worthy men, and that in this particular capacity he will not attempt to act as a wage arbiter. The second objection will disappear if the persons chosen to carry on this work are selected for their executive fitness and patriotic zeal rather than because of their political or labor affiliations.

A committee representing the War and Navy Departments, the Shipping Board, the Railroad Administration, the Labor Department, the Labor Adjustment Board, and the War Labor Policies Board might very well act in an advisory capacity, but the agency which comes into contact with employers in the gigantic task of redistributing the war workers should be imbued with a desire to give patriotic service rather than a sense of bureaucratic supervision and control. I believe that employers as a matter of patriotic duty would willingly co-operate with a Government agency actuated by that spirit.

I should like to see the redistribution of our war workers and the return of our soldiers to the pursuits of peace made the occasion for an enormous patriotic campaign somewhat similar to a Liberty Loan drive, with every employer, from the humble truck gardener to the millionaire manufacturer, doing his bit to the best of his ability in providing employment for the men who have worked and fought to win the war. In addition to revealing fully and quickly the opportunities for labor that are in actual existence, I believe that the enthusiasm resulting from a widespread patriotic appeal would, in a considerable degree, overcome the doubts and indecision of business men, disturbed and bewildered by the first few unfavorable phenomena that attend the transition from peace to war.

In my opinion, there will not be sufficient jobs for the war workers made idle by peace within the time necessary to avert a severe, if temporary, business depression unless some means is found to inspire the Nation as a whole to approach the difficulties of peace in a spirit similar to that displayed in attacking the problems of war. The Government will, in my opinion,

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make a grave error if it anticipates in time of peace the same cheerful alacrity in complying with its mandates and suggestions as was manifested during the war. There should be a popular appeal to patriotism, unmixed with paternalism or bureaucracy. If we can bridge the first six months of peace with a spirit comparable to our war spirit, we can quite possibly count ourselves safe, as international financial conditions render us in a large degree exempt from the remaining economic consequences of the war which are likely to bear heavily upon the other belligerents.

Embedded in the problem of post-bellum employment is the question of wages. One phase of that question stands out very clearly. It is desirable, if possible, to prevent wages from declining more rapidly than the cost of living. Can this be done?

There was a somewhat prevalent belief that the Government would slow down its war contracts gradually; which is to say that the Government would for a time subsidize both labor and capital by permitting the manufacture of articles for which it no longer has any need. If such an improvident policy was ever seriously considered at Washington, the recent election must have indicated its inexpediency and made plain to the executive heads of the Nation that the stewardship held by them is one for which a minute accounting will be exacted. There is no imaginable coalition of selfish interests sufficient to gain the Nation's tolerance of any manifest Governmental extravagance that was not provoked by the exigencies of warfare. There is already ample evidence that, with certain exceptions, the Government will liquidate its war work contracts as rapidly as possible, which in many cases means the almost immediate cessation of manufacture, leaving the Government and the manufacturers concerned to reach agreements or disagreements in regard to the compensation that should be paid for lost profits and other losses.

While Uncle Sam is not likely to rob Peter to pay Paul by promoting the manufacture of munitions which he no longer requires, the fact remains that the Government should do something very definite and effective to sustain the present relation between wages and the cost of living. If Uncle Sam undertakes to tell employers what wages they must pay, and endeavors to coerce the payment thereof, he will stir up a nest of hornets, whose sting has probably not been lessened by twenty months of war-time abnegation. The war welded a strong National resolution, but it did not make Socialists of us, and it did not prepare us to accept permanent paternalism. We are still a nation of individualists, as any political party which proceeds on the opposite theory will discover. Nevertheless Uncle Sam must do something about wages. What can he do?

If the Government cannot drive employers to sustain wages in harmony with the cost of living, perhaps it can lead them in that direction. Uncle Sam has an opportunity to set an inspiring example to the Nation. He is boss of the railways. Let him be brave enough to undertake promptly their complete physical rehabilitation, and place orders for rails, rolling stock, and other equipment on a basis that will stabilize the price of steel and establish a post-bellum standard of wages in the steel industry. Holders of railway securities will shudder at this suggestion, and, considering the rather one-sided contract which the Government has offered the railways, their apprehensions are not surprising. However, the Government's operation of the railways, although efficient in certain respects and effective in general results, has largely purged the public's mind of the hostility that once existed toward railways as institutions of semi-private ownership and management. It is a pretty safe bet that on the appointed day, "twenty-one months after peace is declared," or whenever they are returned to their former management, the railways will get a square deal. There is no reason why the Government should not now underwrite feasible physical improvements in our transportation system on a basis that will protect the stockholders and bondholders. It is better for the Government to buy rails and locomotives at stabilizing prices, even though their cost must subsequently be depreciated, than to buy shells that will never be fired.

The Government will undoubtedly persist in ship-building for a time, but present costs are a perplexing problem, as a portion of the cost of each ship now being built must inevitably be charged off before such ship can be operated on a competitive basis either by the Government, a lessee, or a purchaser. The Government might as well recognize one time as another that some form of subsidy is unavoidable if we are to make effective use in peace times of our war-built and war-contracted ships. Having recognized that fact, our ship-building programme should go ahead in a way to promote the stabilization of wages and the price of steel during the first year of peace.

The States and municipalities have also an opportunity to aid in maintaining wages on a parity with the cost of living. Under the influence of Governmental example and Governmental precept, they could launch many much-needed improvements.

Thousands on thousands of miles of good State roads are needed. There is no better investment than good roads, and, all conditions considered, there was never a better time to launch a Nation-wide campaign of State road-building.

Widespread municipal improvements, in addition to providing work for wage-earners and a market for material, will tend to revive private building, although a building boom is the last thing to be desired from a financial standpoint, and I think the banks may be depended upon to prevent undue expansion in that direction.

In passing it is perhaps well to draw a distinction between public investments and private investments which turn liquid capital into frozen capital in the face of inflation that makes the present value of a dollar considerably less than it will probably possess two years hence. In the first place, public interest and benefit provide automatic amortization of practically any depreciation of investment that results from the appreciation of the dollar, whereas only exceptional circumstances of highly profitable operation enable the individual to absorb such losses with equanimity. In the second place, the liabilities incurred by a State or municipality for wise expenditures in useful public improvements possess a ready negotiability and high investment value, which distinguish them from individual liability incurred for the purpose of fixed investment. Nevertheless there is a limit beyond which States and municipalities should not go at the present time in the matter of fixed investments, but I feel reasonably convinced that the impending emergency can be handled well within that limit.

The emergency to which I refer covers two periods that are not likely to be of exactly the same duration. One is the period of redistributing labor and returning the bulk of our enlisted men to civilian pursuits. The other is the period elapsing before the price of living shows a substantial decrease. The redistribution of war workers is a problem which will brook no delay. The return of our soldiers will probably occur much more rapidly than the military authorities seem now to contemplate, as public opinion is likely to ignore the considerations that point to the advisability of a gradual return and mustering out of our expeditionary forces and a similarly slow demobilization of the men at the various military camps in this country. Mothers, wives, sweethearts, and sisters will make themselves heard at Washington in a way that will get the result they desire.

How soon the cost of living will decline to a point where wages may be decreased without disastrously curtailing the purchasing power of labor is a matter of conjecture. Corn declined on peace rumors, but the price of the 1919 wheat crop has already been guaranteed, and the average price of corn will probably reflect the price of wheat. The price of corn in turn tends to establish the average price of pork and beef. There seems little prospect of a substantial decrease in the price of bread and meat before the fall of 1920. Woolen garments should be lower after six months of peace. Cotton is at present an enigma, with the paradoxical possibility that peace will result in lower prices. Manufactured articles, on the whole, declined more rapidly in price after the close of the Civil War than basic commodities, and the same seeming phenomenon may occur again. It is possible that labor, on the average, could absorb a ten per cent decrease in wages within a year after the end of hostilities. At any rate, our first six months of peace, in an extreme sense, and the second six months, in a very high degree, represent from every angle of the employment problem an emergency with which the Government must deal and with which it can probably best deal by invoking a National spirit of patriotic co-operation, rather than by an attempted perpetuation in peace times of the bureaucratic methods that have been cheerfully accepted as a necessity of war times.

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THE DOGS OF BETHLEHEM

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Many a starry night had they known,
Melampo, Lupina, and Cubilon,
Shepherd dogs, keeping
The flocks, unsleeping,
Serving their masters for crust and bone.

Many a starlight, but never like this,
For star on star was a chrysalis
Whence there went soaring
A winged, adoring
Splendor outpouring a carol of bliss.

Sniffing and bristling the gaunt dogs stood,
Till the seraphs, who smiled at their hardihood,
Calmed their panic
With talismanic
Touches like wind in the underwood.

In the dust of the road like gold-dust blown,
Melampo, Lupina, and Cubilon
Saw strange kings, faring
On camels, bearing
Treasures too bright for a mortal throne.

Shepherds three on their crooks a-leap
Sped after the kings up the rugged steep
To Bethlehem; only
The dogs, left lonely,
Stayed by the fold and guarded the sheep.

Faithful, grim hearts! The marvelous glow
Flooded e'en these with its overflow,
Wolfishness turning
Into a yearning
To worship the highest a dog may know.

When dawn brought the shepherds, each to his own,
Melampo, Lupina, and Cubilon
Bounded to meet them,
Frolicked to greet them,
Eager to serve them for love alone.

AN AMERICAN CHRISTMAS IN MANY TONGUES

BY JULIA SEARING LEAYCRAFT

HAS the reader ever stopped to think, when he sat down to his good old-fashioned Christmas dinner—turkey, cranberry sauce, pie, and all—that in thousands of homes, American homes, all over this country the American Christmas has a very different aspect? And on Christmas Eve when the tree is alight, and on Christmas morning when the presents are distributed, what do you think is going on in the families of the thousands of adopted Americans all over the country?

In the International Institutes, the clubs of the Y. W. C. A., to which girls from all the nations of Europe belong, the great desire has always been to preserve the best of the old country and at the same time teach the best that America can offer. For many years these clubs have given international Christmas parties, with Christmas customs of the various countries called to mind by costume and folk plays. Girls of all nationalities join together in tableaux and plays representing the old story dear to the people of every land. And in the course of the evening a particular custom of each nation is lovingly represented by its daughters in this new land of their adoption.

What could be more beautiful than the Polish custom of not sitting down to dinner on Christmas Eve until the evening star is in the sky? And those who partake of the bountiful Polish Christmas dinner see hanging from under the fine white cloth of the table bits of straw reminiscent of the first Christmas, while a vacant chair is left at every Polish table for the little baby born that day so many hundred years before.

As any American-Bohemian would tell you, preparations for Christmas are far-reaching in Czechoslovakia. The children, with the assistance of the very old people, plan and build what is known as a "Bethlehem"—a realistic presentation of the Nativity. Sometimes it is arranged on a tiny stage. These Bethlehems are often handed down from generation to generation, and great care is expended in carving, painting, and dressing the figures and keeping them in repair. Groups of children go from house to house singing ancient carols full of poetic beauty and musical grace, and are rewarded with red-cheeked apples, handfuls of nuts, big slices of Christmas cake. The leaders of the singers, who are usually dressed to represent the Three Kings from the East, mark with three crosses each house that has been visited.

Our sisters and brothers of Italy do all they can to preserve the customs of the sunny land in celebrating Christmas, though it is impossible in the crowded cities here to continue many of the things they used to do. But the religious significance of the day is never lost sight of. At twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve the churches are filled, and the people often go from church to church to see and to worship before the *Presepio*, a carving in wood or stone of the holy family. In the villages of southern Italy there are shrines on the outside of the houses containing *Presepios*, and a professional bagpiper dressed in gay holiday colors goes from shrine to shrine playing his Christmas tunes, followed by a host of children and any who during the past year have received a special favor from God.

To a Greek, Christmas is a holy day. There is no giving of gifts on the Christ Child's birthday; that is reserved for New Year's, and then only among the most intimate friends of the family. But for Christmas, which comes, according to the Greek calendar, thirteen days later than ours, the Greeks have carefully preserved the old customs which grew on the sunny slopes of Greek orcharded hills. Every house is cleaned and whitewashed. Every member of the family has new clothes, and supplies of fruits of all kinds that in the old country were gathered from the orchards and gardens and hung in the cellars are never touched till Christmas morning.

In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark the people begin to celebrate at six o'clock on December 24, and continue until January 7. During that time no one may enter a home without eating and drinking, or bad luck will attend that house during the year. Christmas Eve is the gala night; then the feast is spread, and every family, no matter how poor, must have its *risengröd*, its goose, and its *aebleskiver* (dessert). In the *risengröd*, which is made of rice, almonds are hidden, and the lucky child who finds one receives a prize and the certainty of good luck. After the feast comes the tree, a big one, and always in the center of the room, with its gay colors, candles, and gifts. It is too beautiful to take calmly! Every one joins hands and dances about the tree, singing and laughing. The gifts are distributed, when possible, by *Julenisse* himself (known to us as Santa Claus).

Christmas Eve is the great time of celebrations for Russians. The Christmas tree is hidden. The doors are opened and the children burst into the room, the tree all alight. When the candles are burned down, the children blow them out. Pouf! Then with wild uproar the tree is torn to pieces, and the trinkets and presents are divided among the children. The feast

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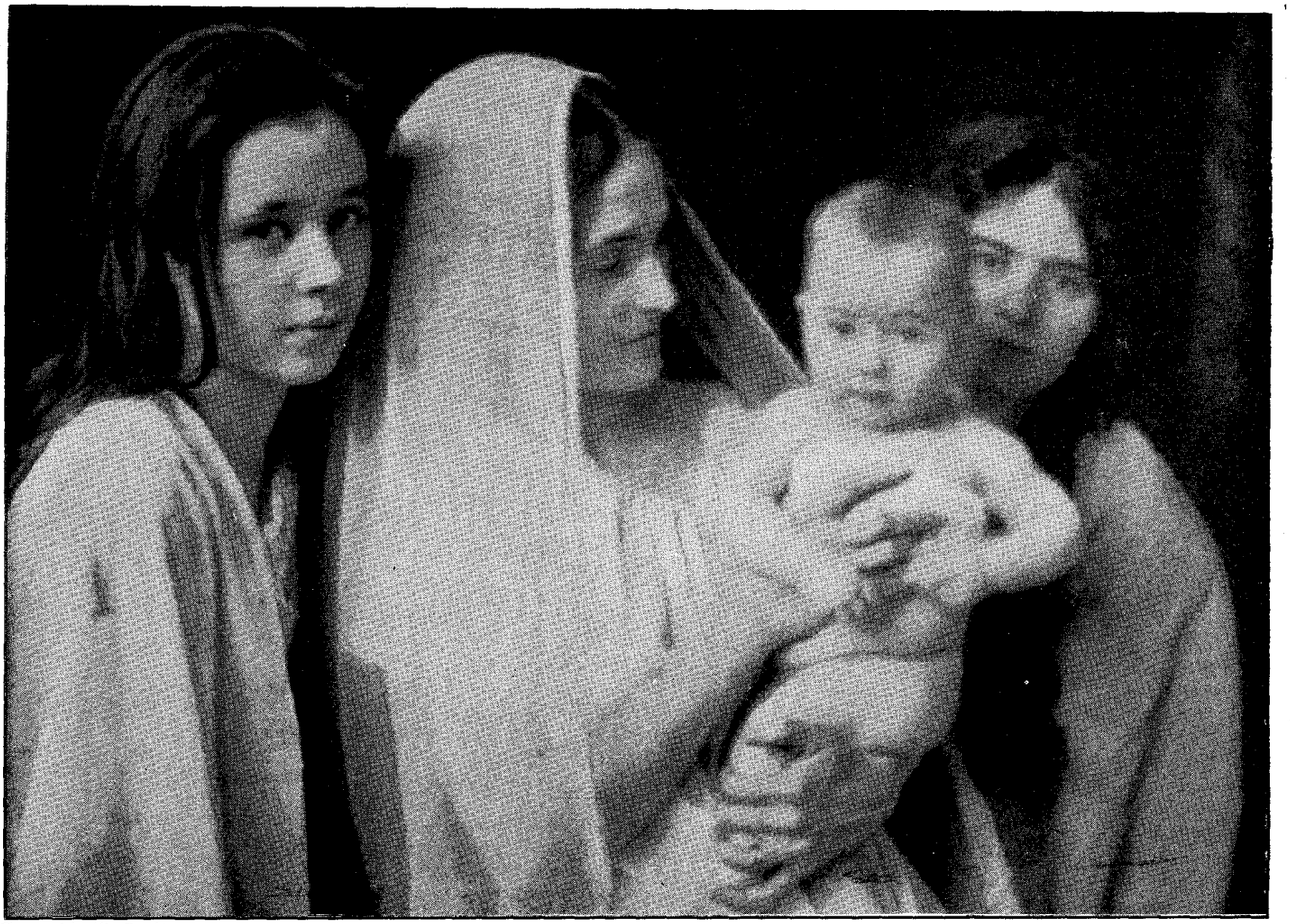

Photograph by Alice Boughton

"THE IMMIGRANT MADONNA"—AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP: BABY, AMERICAN; MOTHER, ITALIAN; ANGELS, GREEK AND POLISH

From a tableau given at an International Institute for Young Women, one of the clubs of the Y. W. C. A.

FOLK DANCERS AT AN "INTERNATIONAL PARTY"—SEVEN NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED IN COSTUME

One of these dancers is a Bohemian or Czech, the other is a Slovak. Directly behind them is a Russian in bridal costume, and behind her a Polish girl. On the left are Italians, a Bulgarian, and a Hungarian. They were all students in the Y. W. C. A., are all well educated, and many are talented musicians and artists

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"THE NATIVITY"—THE MADONNA, GREEK; JOSEPH, RUSSIAN; ONE OF THE SHEPHERDS, POLISH, THE OTHERS ITALIAN

A tableau given by the New York International Institute for Young Women

A SYRIAN WOMAN LISTENING TO AN ENGLISH LETTER FROM HER SON, READ BY A HELPER AT AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE

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follows with cold meats and cakes, all rich with nuts and raisins. And on Christmas Day no Russian table is complete without a nice fat little roast pig.

Our Armenian-Americans have adopted our American Christmas in their families, but in their churches they continue the old religious customs. They, too, follow the Greek calendar, and in Armenia on Christmas morning, long before daylight, the streets are filled with people on their way to church, each carrying his own lantern.

It is not only in the International Institutes, but in all the foreign communities of our great American cities, that these different customs are being remembered and observed to do honor to the birthday of the greatest Friend of the poor and oppressed.

THE ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE[1]

III—THE MUTINY OF THÉOPHILE

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

HAD it been an open car, Colonel Gaspard had certainly been flung into the darkness and incontinently broken his neck. But it was not an open car, because Gaspard never by any chance rode in one if there was a limousine at his disposal.

At the moment the crash came he was curled up in a corner of the seat, cursing by turns the blackness of the night, the upholstery of the cushions, the state of the roads, the apparently murderous intentions of his driver, and the general wretchedness of his lot.

In the midst of these well-turned maledictions he was flung bodily across the car like a sack of meal. There was no time for fright, or for the instinctive thrusting out of arms and legs which would have caused injuries. He struck heavily but harmlessly. Under the impact of his body the glass front shattered, but the fragments were flung away from him, while he rebounded and dropped to the floor.

He lay still for a few seconds in a sudden silence broken only by the swish of rain and a hissing sound which came from beneath the car. In less time than it required for the Colonel to be sure he was not hurt he was certain that he was furious, and that somebody would have to pay for it. He raised himself on one elbow and shouted.

"Jean!" he yelled.

There was no answer. The incessant patter of rain sounded particularly dreary and distressing.

"Curse the blockhead!" he muttered, and got to his feet.

He found that the force of the crash had jammed both doors so that he could not get them open, and the lights inside the car failed to respond when he turned the switch. The electric torch which he found in a pocket on the door of the car gave only a feeble glow. Again he raised his voice in a futile shout for the vanished driver, answered only by the dreary sound of rain.

Evidently Jean had been knocked unconscious, and afterward had gone for help. If Gaspard was to escape from the interior of the car before the man's return, he must crawl through the broken glass into the driver's seat. Very gingerly, using the torch as a hammer, he broke out the rest of the glass and enlarged the opening, then began crawling cautiously through, glad that there were no witnesses to the indignity of his posture.

He succeeded at some cost. Some few jagged splinters of glass had escaped his efforts, and he heard his clothes tear in many places. Only those who knew the Colonel well could possibly have understood the real seriousness of these mishaps and the eloquence of the warrior's curses as he listened to the rending cloth.

Like a snake he wriggled through, then stretched out a hand to grasp the steering-wheel and assist his efforts. Instead of the wooden rim of the wheel his clutching fingers closed upon the wet cloth of a coat sleeve. As far as his compromised position permitted, Colonel Gaspard jumped.

"Why the devil didn't you answer?" he blazed out.

The grim silence of the motionless figure made him complete his exit with a haste that ruined his trousers. A hastily scratched match confirmed his fears. The driver's chest had been crushed like an egg-shell against the wheel, and he was stone dead. A hurried inspection of the wreck showed a complete disaster The car had skidded into a ditch; the front wheels were smashed and the radiator and engine a tangled ruin.

Colonel Gaspard walked to the side of the road and sat down, then, finding how wet it was, went back to the car and crawled very cautiously back through the opening he had made. He drew out his case, selected a cigarette, then discovered that he had used his last match.

"Ten thousand million curses!" he exclaimed, and seized his head in both hands.

Somewhat wildly he took stock of the combined evils of his situation. He was marooned in a wrecked machine guarded by a corpse; he had no idea where he was except that he had heard Jean mention the advisability of taking back roads; he was wet, cold, hungry, and could not smoke; his uniform was in tatters; and he must infallibly be at the headquarters of General Taussel before six o'clock in the morning!

To any one it would have been a distressing combination of misfortunes; to Colonel Philippe Gaspard it was a positive insult. He had difficulty in realizing that such a thing had actually occurred—to *him!* To one accustomed to taking inclemencies of weather as personal affronts and the loss of a pair of sleeve-links by his valet as a crime for which there was hardly an adequate punishment, such a heaping up of disasters was positively beyond thought.

Yet in the midst of his tribulations it did not occur to him that he would fail to reach the General's headquarters in time, any more than that the sun would fail to rise. The universe had always presented itself to him as a well-regulated place in which the pleasures and necessities of Philippe Gaspard came before everything else.

Obviously, the arms of France could suffer no greater disaster than that his person should be marooned with a wrecked car and a dead chauffeur in the mud of an obscure by-road. As soon as the tragedy was discovered the army would know no peace and would move heaven and earth until he had been extricated. Nor did it occur to him that he would have to extricate himself by his own efforts; somebody would do it for him.

Everything in the forty-odd years of his life had tended to justify such a confidence. From infancy smooth paths had stretched themselves before his shapely feet, obstacles had been removed, flowers strewn, backs and knees bent. These years had left him what he was—tall, slender, aquiline of feature, and cold of manner, utterly without a sense of humor, but with a perfectly adjusted sense of his own importance as contrasted with that of all other men.

He was without doubt the best-dressed officer in the French army (an important point in view of the present state of his trousers). He had never had an important command in the field, had seen no active service, but his knowledge of all things connected with field artillery was so monumental that his rapid rise to a position on the General Staff had been a matter of course.

Some idea of the unhappy Colonel's state of mind may be gathered from these brief explanations. For the better part of an hour he lay in the corner of the limousine, making not the slightest effort to decrease his discomforts. Indeed, they but served to increase the size of a vast and cumulative wrath whose

[1] Each of the stories in this series is complete in itself and entirely independent of the others.—THE EDITORS.

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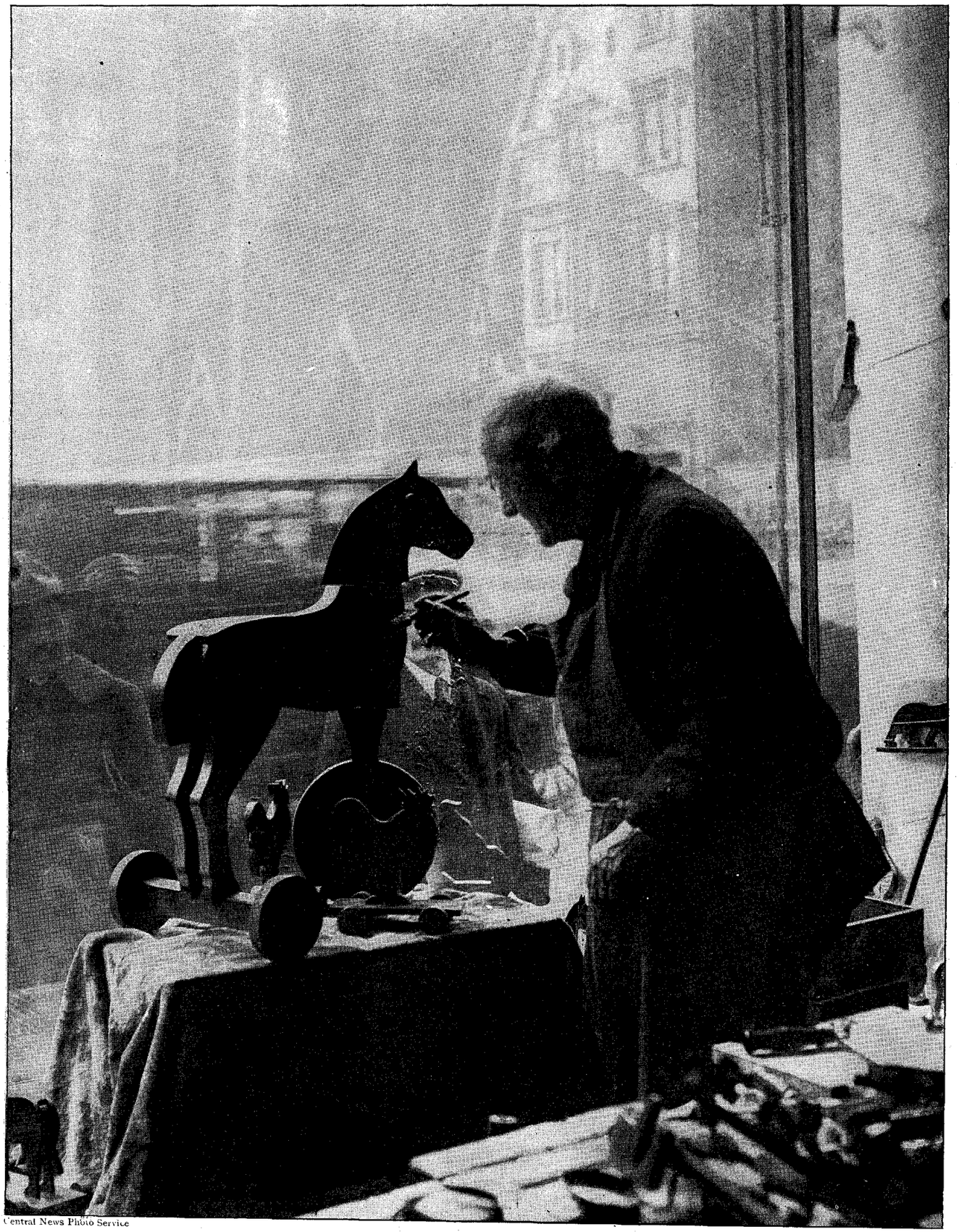
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Central News Photo Service

CHRISTMAS TOYS "MADE IN AMERICA" IN THE OLD MEN'S TOY-SHOP ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

This toy-shop was established several years ago by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, for the purpose of supplying jobs for old men who otherwise might be out of employment. The shop on Fifth Avenue is used during the Christmas season and the workers are watched eagerly by throngs of children

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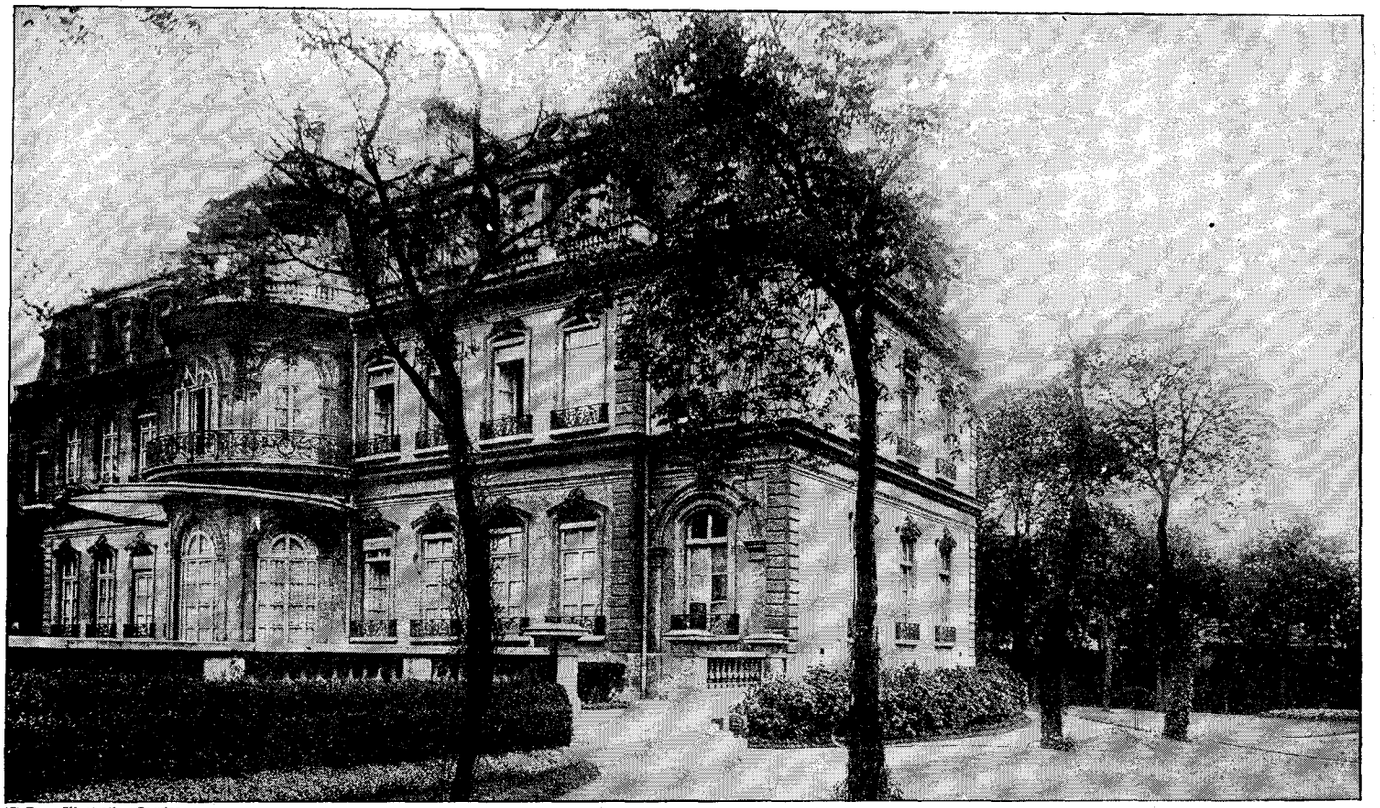
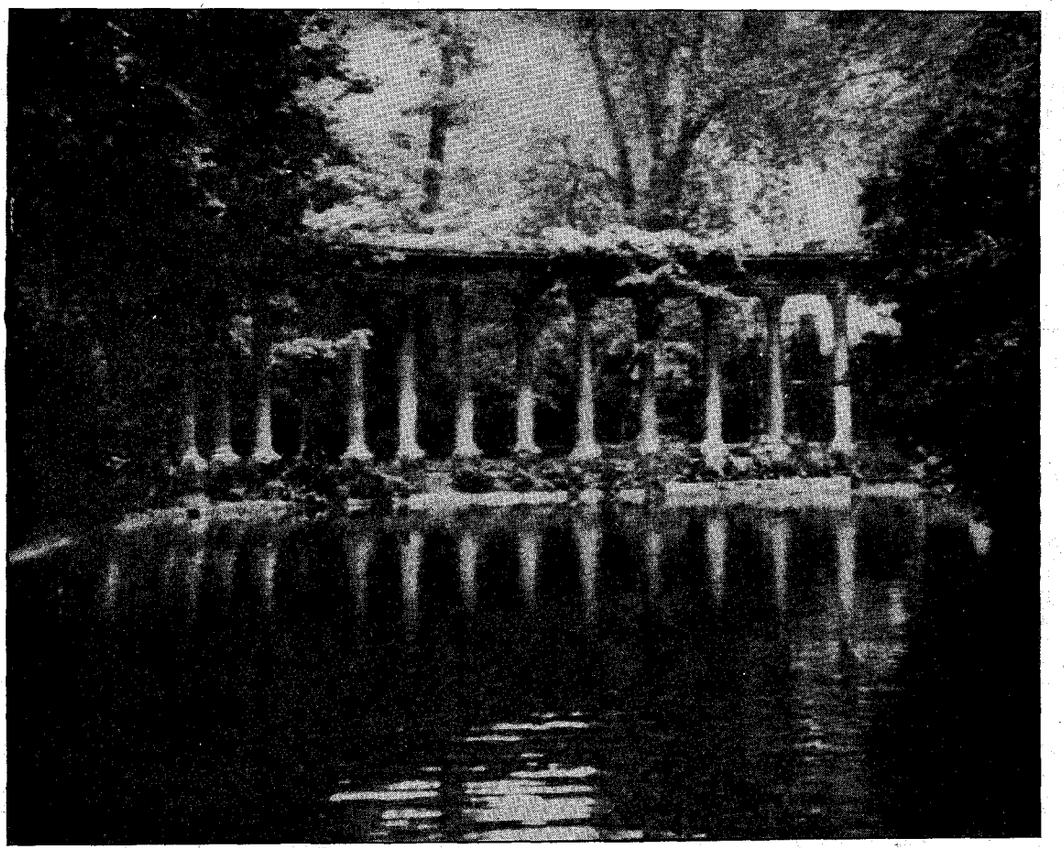


(C) Press Illustrating Service

PRESIDENT WILSON'S TEMPORARY HOME IN PARIS, IN THE RUE DE MONCEAU

The use of this fine mansion has been tendered to President and Mrs. Wilson by its owners, the Prince and Princess Murat. It is situated opposite the beautiful Parc Monceau, a scene in which is shown below



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of The Outlook Staff

THE PARC MONCEAU IN PARIS, OPPOSITE THE HEADQUARTERS OF PRESIDENT WILSON

This park is one of the most beautiful of the many fine parks of Paris. It is inclosed by a superb iron railing, it contains many notable statues, and among its decorative features are the Corinthian columns here shown, at the end of a tiny lake

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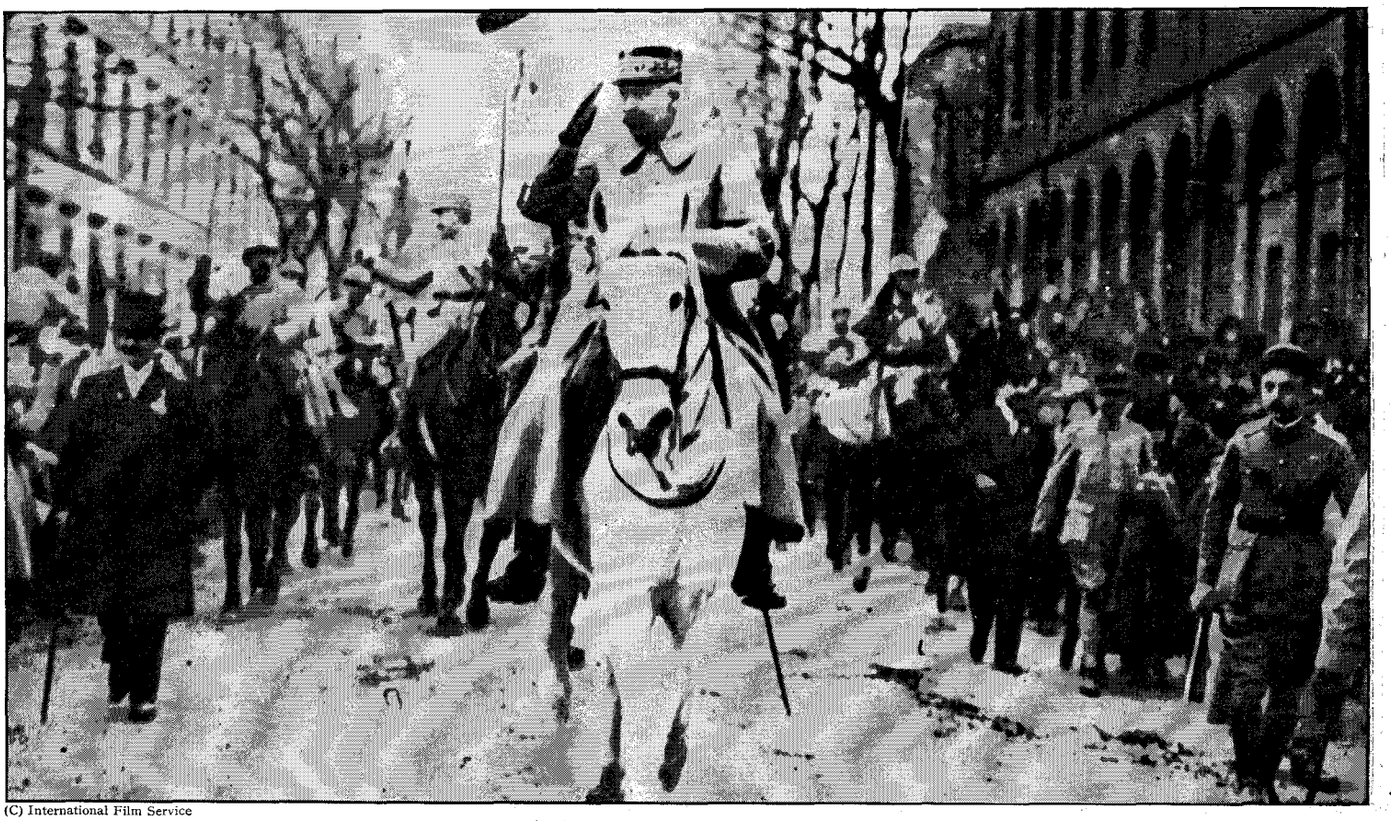
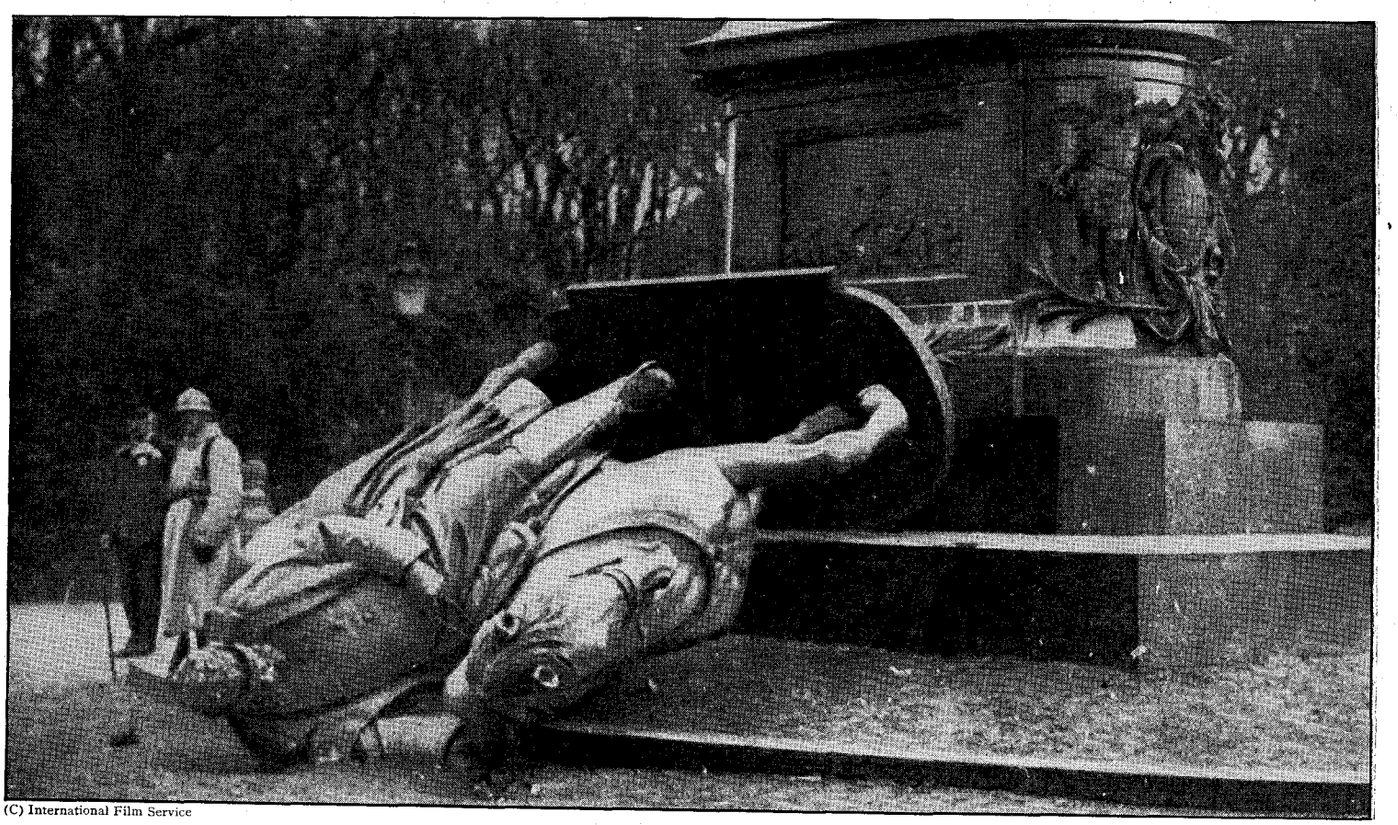


(C) International Film Service

MARSHAL PÉTAIN'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO THE CITY OF METZ

The surrender of this great stronghold by the Germans must have been especially pleasing to the masterful warrior under whose direction the war was finally won—Marshal Foch—as well as to General Pétain, now himself a Marshal. As a boy Foch lived in Metz while it was still French territory. He left it when it became German. Under his generalship it has been redeemed and is to be restored to France



(C) International Film Service

THE OVERTHROW OF KAISERISM IN METZ

The statue of Kaiser William I was overturned by the Alsatian inhabitants of Metz as that city was entered by the Allied troops. The picture shows the dismantled figure of the grandfather of the recent Kaiser as it appeared after it was hurled from its base

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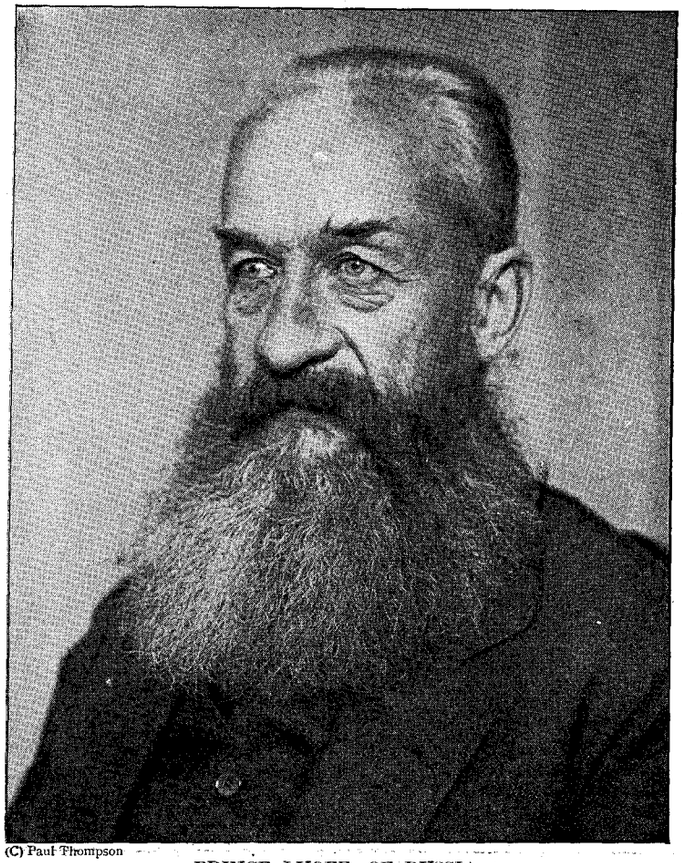
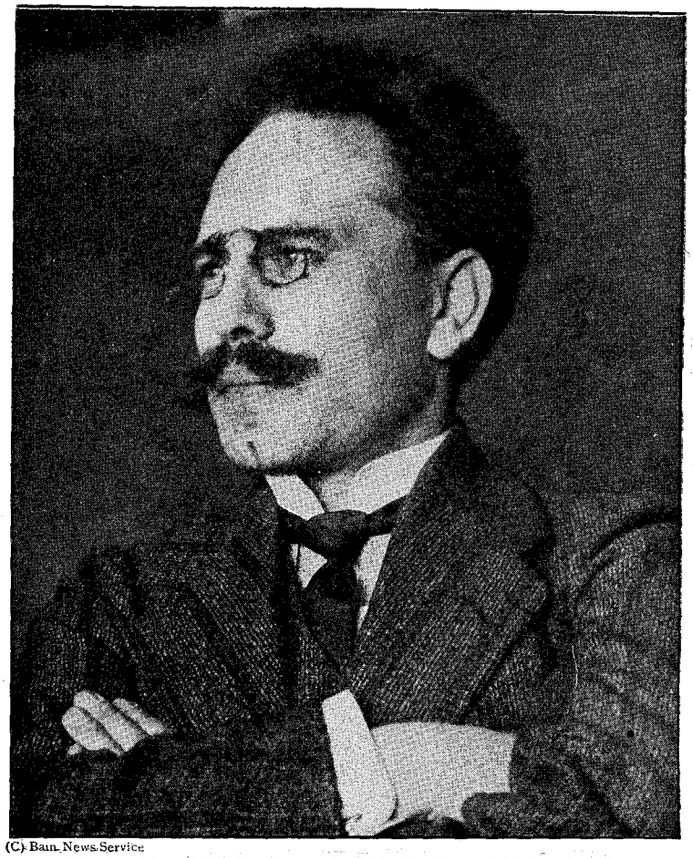


(C) Paul Thompson

PRINCE LVOFF, OF RUSSIA

Prince Lvoff, who was Premier of the Russian Government formed after the overthrow of the Czar, has been visiting the United States in the interests of his distracted country. The photograph was taken during his visit



(C) Bain News Service

DR. KARL LIEBKNECHT, GERMAN SOCIALIST LEADER

Whatever may be the opinion as to Liebknecht's present activities, his courage in opposing militarism in Germany during the war is unquestioned; it was attested by his imprisonment for his outspoken criticisms

(C) Underwood & Underwood

RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN COMMANDERS IN SIBERIA

At the left is General Semenoff, commander-in-chief of the Allied forces in Siberia. At the right is General William S. Graves, commander of the American Expeditionary Force in that country

(C) Western Newspaper Union

AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS GO TO A THANKSGIVING SERVICE

The picture shows Admiral Sims and Captain Twining, Chief of the Naval Staff, on their way to a thanksgiving service in London, to celebrate the peace which they had in no small measure helped to bring about

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growth he rather enjoyed, and to whose ultimate venting he looked forward with pleasure.

After a time, however, his physical ills became superior to this unsatisfactory species of enjoyment. The smash had given him an unpleasant headache which was increasing. This, combined with his cold, his hunger, his irritation at the dead Jean, and the persistent rain, was rapidly becoming insupportable. And the crowning insult was the state of his clothing and the consequent appearance he would make when finally he stood before General Taussel.

At last the Colonel rose with an oath which outdid his previous efforts and crawled out into the rain. He did this, not so much with the hope that he would succeed in getting anywhere, but rather that the additional injuries which he might experience would serve to increase that fine glow of rage which was now the chief support of his spirit.

In part the experiment succeeded with commendable completeness. These conjectured misfortunes which were to augment his wrath fell upon him like so many grim specters lurking in wait just outside his shelter.

He had not taken three steps when he tripped over a bent fender and sprawled in the mud, coming down ingloriously on all fours, then flattening out and sliding forward on his face and chest. Rising, he blundered forward into the darkness, which was as impenetrable as a black blanket.

Slightly dazed by his fall, he groped his way forward with blinking eyes and hands outstretched. The trunk of a wayside poplar slid maliciously between his groping hands and crashed against his face like a giant's club.

With a stifled grunt of pain, the Colonel recoiled and sought escape in a fresh direction. Here with his left shin he smote resoundingly the low stone wall which bordered a turnip-field, pitched headlong, and buried his face in the soft mud beyond, while his legs remained dangling upon the wall.

As best he could, closing even his mind to the thought of his hurts and the complete demoralization of his appearance, Gaspard crept back to that haven of refuge which the wrecked motor had suddenly become. Once back in its interior, he collapsed limply onto the seat and groaned aloud in anguish.

This was a world gone mad, a world which Gaspard knew not at all. This heavy, rain-shot darkness was positively alive with malignant spirits. In grim, relentless silence they reduced the martial figure of the Colonel to a mere human atom, covered him with mud and ignominy, and sent him back bruised and battered to the poor shelter which he had left in such braggart fashion

For some twenty minutes the Colonel lay, no more than an animate huddle, in the corner of the car nursing his hurts, his wrath forgotten. In the depths of his misery he did not hear the squelch of heavy boots plug-plugging through the mud nor feel the slight jar to the car imparted by the collision of an unwary shin with a rear hub, but he was galvanized into sudden life when a voice almost at his elbow exclaimed:

"Why has *le bon Dieu* in his mercy sent me a limousine when I require merely a roof?"

The voice was exceedingly comforting because it sounded like that of a man consciously superior to the predicament in which he found himself, which at the moment Colonel Gaspard was not.

"Who is it?" demanded the limousine's prisoner in a desperate croak to which clung some shreds of his usual tones.

"I, Théophile Gelas, cook of the Tenth Company, Blankth Infantry of the Line," answered the voice, "entirely lost, completely wet, and utterly ashamed of myself for both."

Temporarily the stiff-backed aristocrat had forgotten the depths which yawned between himself and a company cook. This was a human presence come to comfort him.

"Have you a match?" he asked, almost tearfully.

"A thousand," answered Théophile, and approached the door.

"The door is jammed fast," explained the Colonel.

From the tool-box on the running-board Théophile hauled forth a big wrench. With this he made short work of the jammed door. They lighted two of Gaspard's excellent cigarettes and he explained his plight. Discipline vanished; he spoke as one man to another. Théophile heard him with complete sympathy, his expression and gestures unfortunately hidden by the darkness.

"It is a pity," he declared, when the narrative was finished. "I had not thought that France held such a wretched corner, or that I was dunce enough to lose myself in it. But, since we are here, we shall have to make the best of it."

Such unconstructive philosophy irritated the Colonel.

"But what can we do?" he demanded, petulantly. "We have neither food, fire, nor a knowledge of our whereabouts. It is impossible to get anywhere in this darkness, as I have proved by nearly destroying myself. We must wait until morning—and I cannot wait until morning!"

"*Bien!*" said Théophile; "in that case, your plight is worse than mine, for I can wait."

"You are a fool!" snorted the Colonel.

For an instant Théophile's great mustache bristled ominously, but in the flare of the match he had observed the other's uniform. He shrugged.

"That," he said, mildly, "remains to be established. In the meantime, I am at the orders of *M. le colonel!* Do we bivouac here or do we push on?"

"An owl could not find its way!" declared Gaspard. "Besides, I have hurt my leg."

"In that case, we evidently remain. The first thing to do is to eat."

"Eat!" Gaspard's tone was an epitome of incredulity. "Are you a wizard?"

"I am a cook," replied Théophile, who had answered the question before, and set forthwith to work.

To Gaspard Théophile was intermittently visible like a sort of fairy occasionally illuminated by the flare of a match. Now he was audible at the rear of the car, again in front, again at the roadside. Once Gaspard heard him fumbling about the body of the driver, and a moment later there came a grunt of satisfaction from Théophile and the beam of the torch he had found in Jean's pocket.

"A moment now, *mon colonel*, and there will be a fire!" he called cheerfully.

"How can you make anything burn in this flood?" Gaspard asked.

"With a tank full of gasoline, I could make a fire of wet sponges!" replied the cook, without pausing at his labors.

Fifteen minutes later the Colonel was hovering over a comforting fire made of sticks gathered from the forbidding darkness, splinters ruthlessly hewed from the wrecked car, and plentiful gasoline. Théophile's activities did not cease. His knapsack appeared bottomless. From it he produced cooking utensils and scraps of food. He made a darting foray into the field where Gaspard had come to final grief and returned with turnips.

Presently, with a manner somewhere between that of an anxious mother and a well-trained waiter, Théophile served, while the Colonel displayed the appetite of a plowman. It was not precisely the fare—consisting of turnip soup, bread, and cheese—to which Gaspard was used, but at the moment the Colonel's tastes were not discriminating.

Under the combined influences of food and warmth his spirits improved wonderfully. The first intimation he gave of a return to his normal state appeared when, having finished his meal, he lighted a cigarette without offering one to Théophile. The latter, without appearing to note the omission, had recourse to a short pipe.

For a few moments they smoked in silence. By the time the Colonel had finished his cigarette—Théophile smoking in the meanwhile with his eye fixed on some invisible point in the darkness—he was ready to resume life at the point where it had been interrupted by the catastrophe. Already the diminutive figure of Théophile Gelas, with its absurdly bristling mustaches, had shrunk from the dimensions of an omniscient djinn to those of a common soldier set in his path by a watchful deity. Nor were the uses of this odd creature exhausted. The Colonel snapped the butt of his cigarette into the darkness and spoke.

"You will now," he commanded, "go with all possible speed to the nearest point and secure a car—a closed car, which will be driven here at once. You will explain that it is for Colonel Gaspard."

Now, Théophile had been smoking his pipe to some good pur-

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pose and had discovered precisely the sort of man with whom he had to deal. At the same time he was good enough soldier to know that the real value of an officer is not to be judged by his personal eccentricities. His plan for handling the situation was already formed.

"If *M. le colonel* wishes," he agreed promptly, "but may I make a suggestion?"

"What is it?"

"It is just this. Being an ignorant pig, I do not know these roads, and it is very dark. I should probably succeed only in losing myself more completely, in which case *M. le colonel* would simply be subjected to fresh indignities. In four hours it will be light enough for us to see where we are going."

"I cannot wait four hours. It is imperative to the army that I reach General Taussel with all possible speed. You will go at once!"

Théophile rose, pocketed his pipe, adjusted his pack, and saluted. Gaspard watched him with an uneasy eye.

"You may leave the food and the electric torch," he ordered. "*Bien, mon colonel!*"

An instant later Théophile vanished in the darkness, but he did not go far. Théophile Gelas, patriot and last of a race of heroes, had mutinied.

He groped his way down the road for some fifty yards, then, finding a clump of bushes which afforded some shelter from the rain, he crept beneath them and curled up like a dog. From where he lay he could see in the waning light of the fire the goblin bulk of the car and the cloaked figure of the Colonel.

"I give him half an hour," he muttered, complacently.

The elements came swiftly to Théophile's assistance. First came a rush of chill wind, then a sudden deluge of rain which doused the fire and drove Gaspard in undignified flight back to the car. This done, the rain ceased. The flickering of the flashlight showed the Colonel emerging from his shelter, then doing futile things with his remaining matches around the drenched fire. The oath which accompanied the sputter of the last match reached Théophile's ears distinctly.

A few minutes later, as Théophile had expected, Gaspard began a series of desperate plunges into the darkness, putting too much faith in the torch. The cook was unable to see the details of the Colonel's successive downfalls, but there were tragic sounds audible, and presently the fugitive from solitude emitted a veritable yelp for assistance. Théophile did not stir.

"He is weakening," he muttered. "In ten minutes he will be manageable."

Merciful darkness covered the Colonel's retreat. A dejected figure, stripped utterly of his recently regained dignity, he crawled back to the car, and an instant later his voice pierced the darkness.

"Gelas!" he shouted. "Return! *A moi!* Gelas!"

"Shout for a little," murmured the figure beneath the dripping bushes. "In the fullness of time I shall come."

The Colonel continued to shout lustily and with unflagging persistence. Théophile waited for a minute, then trudged back down the road.

"*Mon colonel* called?" he asked, simply.

To one in Gaspard's state of breathlessness the question was an insult, yet his answer was without resentment.

"I have split my throat!" he gasped. "In the name of heaven, rebuild that fire or I shall die!"

When, some minutes later, the Colonel was rubbing his chilled hands over the grateful blaze, Théophile, squatting on a dry cushion he had taken from the car, eyed him speculatively. Then, without asking permission, he began to speak.

"This night," he began, "has been for me the last of a series of painful lessons. It has been impressed upon me, *mon colonel*, that a man is very apt to overestimate his own importance. I had thought that I was indispensable to the health of the Tenth Company, for whom I have cooked, and whose collective digestions were my constant care. I was wounded. They were in the hands of an ignorant pig who knew no more of cooking than I do of flying. I was wretched. I expected them to die in batches.

"But what happened? Did they embrace me upon my return? Not at all. They said, 'Ah, here is that Gelas again! Look well to your pots and pans, Théophile, for we have lived fat while you were gone.' This to me, who have cooked for generals and been praised by no less than a brigadier! Was ever such ingratitude, ever such humiliation?

"Well, there it is, *M. le colonel!* A man thinks himself such a creature as cannot be spared. He goes away, and finds that, to say nothing of not having mourned him, nobody has even missed him! It is incredible, but it is true.

"To-night is the last straw. I, sleeping like the dead, must have rolled from the tail of a wagon into the road. Since I was not demolished, I take it that somebody kicked me into the ditch. I may even have crawled. I cannot say. At any rate, when I awoke it was black and wet. In some way, I missed the road. I wandered for hours. I should have gone on wandering for more hours had I not come upon the car of *M. le colonel*, which was extremely fortunate.

"But never again shall I boast of my own skill, of how the stalwarts of the Tenth Company would die like flies deprived of my presence."

"Which is to imply," Gaspard said unexpectedly, "that the consultation at General Taussel's headquarters will do very well without me."

"Oh, *M. le colonel!*" protested Théophile, and spread out his hands in a gesture of deprecation.

Gaspard took out his cigarettes, opened the case, and held it out to the cook.

"Will you have one?" he asked.

"A thousand thanks, *mon colonel*," replied Théophile.

They smoked in silence. Somewhere inside Colonel Philippe Gaspard the most astounding things had taken place. He was looking with new eyes at himself, and at the grotesque little man who sat cross-legged on the far side of the fire. To a sudden emergency this little cook, probably born in a garret and raised in the gutter, had risen, thoroughly adequate, while he, Gaspard, of the Staff, had crumpled like a rag. In the clear light of day this night's story would redound to the infinite credit of the cook and the undying shame of the colonel. This was the bitter truth, and Gaspard astonished himself by facing it squarely.

Yes, up to the moment it had been true. But that was no reason why it should continue. At bottom, by heaven, he was a better man than this diminutive cook! Not merely did he possess a better mind, he had a better body, a better courage. (Well, perhaps not better. He was experiencing a new justice, a new fairness.) As good, then. Let us see. With an abrupt movement the Colonel got to his feet.

"Gelas," he said, and the tone brought Théophile to his feet and to attention as though springs within him had been suddenly released, "we have sat here long enough. We will now find the main road and the headquarters of General Taussel."

Together they sallied out into the darkness, striding manfully, heads up. For more than an hour they battled with mud, water, darkness, uncertain roads, pitfalls innumerable. Toward the gray of dawn, a hard road beneath their feet, they blundered into a sentry, who challenged sleepily, then stiffened at sight of Gaspard.

Crisp questions and prompt answers established their whereabouts in a few seconds. A few moments later Gaspard was acknowledging the salute of a heavy-eyed subaltern, anxious only to please.

"A car, please, with all speed," the Colonel said, briskly. "But first a good breakfast for this man—"

He turned around, but Théophile had vanished.

"H'm!" muttered the Colonel. "Discretion added to his other virtues."

He took from his pocket a note-book and entered in it the words, "Théophile Gelas, cook, Tenth Co. Blankth Inf. of the Line," then stepped through the door which the puzzled subaltern held open for him.

Théophile trudged steadily into a wet, gray dawn, following the road which would lead him to the Tenth Company.

"*Bien!*" he grumbled, "I am extraordinarily wet, very hungry, and shall be dead when I have walked ten kilometers. But"—and he grinned at a roadside sparrow—"I have smoked two wonderful cigarettes which I can still taste, and—who knows?—I may have slightly improved the General Staff."

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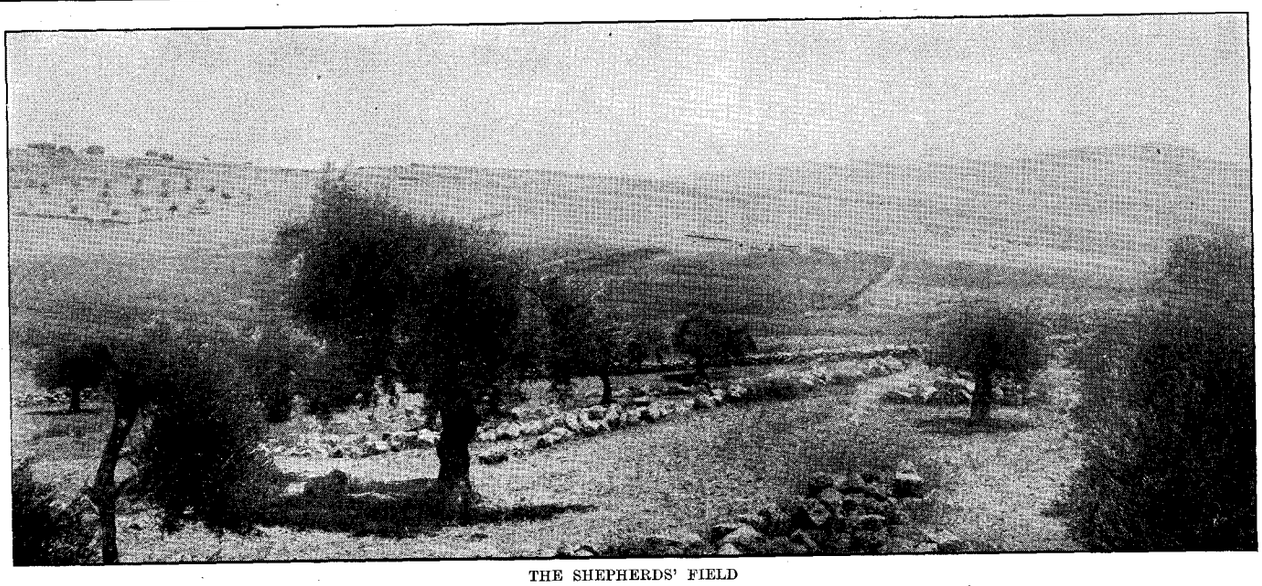


THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD

I WALKED ONE NIGHT IN THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD

BY JOHN FINLEY

I

I walked one night in The Shepherds' field;
The stars in their wonted courses wheeled
And no new glory the skies revealed,—
There was no peace on earth.
But as I climbed the Bethlehem hill
I saw one bend o'er one who was ill
And another bearing coals to fill
A neighbor's empty hearth,—
And I knew that the Christ was there.

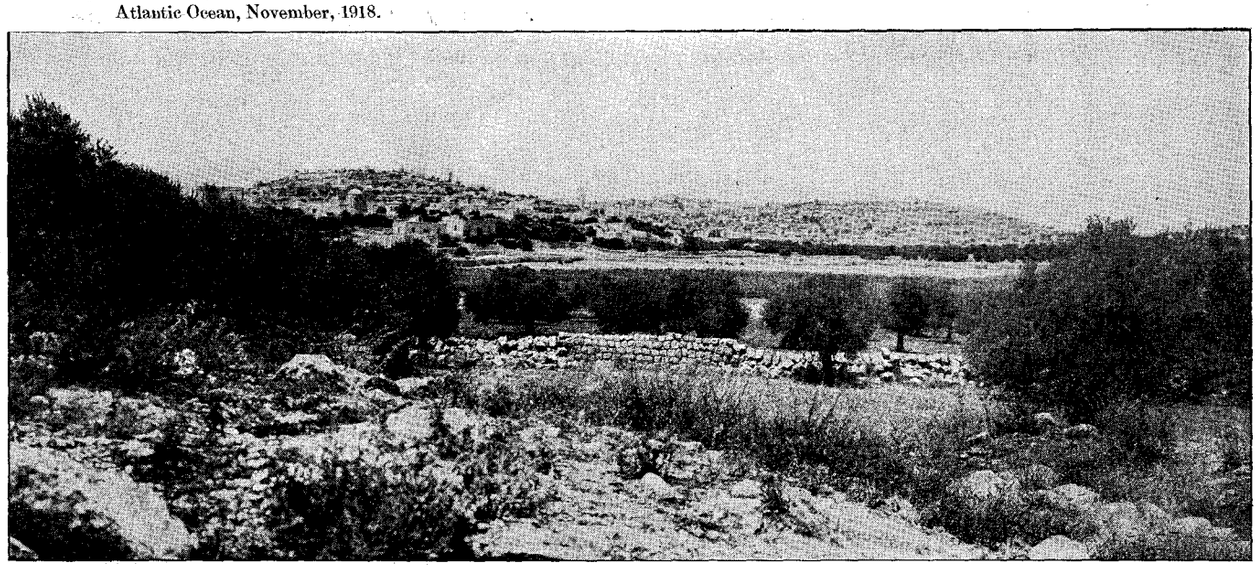
II

I walked up the Mount a little space
And peered through the shadows for His face,
But found Him not in the pictured place
Beneath the olive trees;
Then turning toward Kidron in the night
I saw the men on their way to fight
In Jordan's hell for a thing called Right,
Nor hating their enemies,—
And I knew that the Christ was there.

III

Then I walked alone in Galilee,
Where He fed the thousands by the sea
And taught and wrought in His ministry
Of human brotherhood.
There did a Presence my way attend,
And there I heard the voice of a Friend
Say, "Lo, I am with you to the end,"
And my heart understood,—
I knew that the Christ was there.

Atlantic Ocean, November, 1918.



BETHLEHEM FROM THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of December 18, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Polish Question; The Aspirations of Poland.

Reference: Pages 620, 628–631.

Questions:

1. Give a résumé of Polish history to 1914 in fifteen sentences. 2. Explain and comment upon Austrian, Prussian, and Russian treatment of the Poles since 1772. 3. Civilized nations, America included, have allowed the partition of Poland—perhaps the worst crime of brigandage in all history—to remain. How do you explain this? 4. What is Mr. Gorski's explanation of Poland's downfall? 5. What features and characteristics of Polish national life do you note in Mr. Gorski's article? 6. Write an editorial on Poland's contributions to civilization. 7. What are Poland's claims and aspirations? Are they well founded? Discuss. 8. Mr. Gorski says that "the Polish State must have a democratic constitution." Would this *insure* freedom, order, and justice in Poland? Explain and illustrate your answer. 9. Explain The Outlook's statement: The Polish question "is one to be settled not merely by historical precedent nor by political expediency." 10. Name several lessons for any nation to remember found in or suggested by Mr. Gorski's article. 11. Look up the references under "Poland" and "Poles" in the indexes of "Modern European History," by C. D. Hazen (Holt), and "Modern and Contemporary European History," by J. S. Schapiro (Houghton Mifflin)—invaluable books for the student of modern history.

B. Topic: The Peace Conference at Versailles.

Reference: Pages 623, 624.

Questions:

1. Explain Professor Hart's statement: "Germany and Austria, as nations, cannot be brought to the bar of justice." Do you agree? 2. Who, according to Professor Hart, are the criminals in Germany that might be brought to trial and hanged for their crimes? Give his reasons. 3. Do you believe with Professor Hart that "no orders from above" should be allowed to excuse or serve as a defense for crimes committed by individual Germans? Reasons. 4. Give several reasons why the World Congress about to meet may be considered "as the maintainer of civilization" and "the embodied conscience of mankind." 5. Do you think this Congress can lay the structure of a lasting peace? Discuss at length.

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Department Reports.

Reference: Pages 611–613.

Questions:

1. The average citizen takes practically no interest in Government reports. In your opinion, what are the reasons? Give several reasons why he should. 2. What is there of interest to you in the report of the Secretary of War? Do you agree with the Secretary that "it is impossible to take up the question of permanent army organization" until after the Peace Conference is ended? Discuss. 3. Secretary Daniels recommends that "construction and extension in the Navy be maintained." Does this mean that Mr. Daniels exercises better judgment than Mr. Baker? Reasons. 4. How do you account for American financial management of the war without financial disturbance? Discuss the significance of this remarkable fact. 5. Select some topic suggested by the Secretary of Agriculture and write about three hundred words upon it. 6. Give in your own words a summary of the report of Secretary Burleson. What to you are the specially significant things about this report? 7. What proof does Secretary Lane present of his statement: "Yet this is all true of the United States"? What do you recommend and why?

B. Topic: Industrial Injustice.

Reference: Pages 617–619.

Questions:

1. State and explain what, in your opinion, industrial injustice is. 2. Explain the steps in the economic evolution of the race. 3. Who and what are responsible for present economic conditions in America, in any country? 4. The Outlook describes five proposed remedies for industrial injustice. State in five sentences what these remedies are. 5. Do you believe that any one of these proposed remedies, or all of them together, would do away with industrial injustice? Reasons. 6. Which one of these, in your opinion, is the best? Tell why. 7. Give reasons for believing that civilization to date is not one great blunder. 8. Very valuable reading is found in the following books: "History of Labour in the United States," by J. R. Commons (Macmillan); "State Socialism—Pro and Con," edited by Walling and Laidler (Holt); "American Problems of Reconstruction," edited by E. M. Friedman (Dutton).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Democracy does not guarantee freedom, order, and justice. 2. American National policies are shifting from day to day.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for December 18, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Ethnological (620); proscription, phosgene gas (624); recapitulate, militate, epitomize (611); single-taxer (618).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE BURIAL OF A NEGRO SOLDIER AT SEA

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, the well-known and accomplished specialist in sociology and education, has just gone to France under the Y. M. C. A. auspices, but at the instance of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, to make a study of the conditions and the personnel of the Negro troops in the American Army. A friend both of The Outlook and of Dr. Jones sends us the following extract from a letter which Dr. Jones wrote on the steamer that took him across the Atlantic. It is a striking little picture of one of the most dramatic events that can occur at sea:

A colored soldier was buried at sea today. The flags on all the ships of the fleet have been at half-mast all day. It matters not that the soldier came from a lonely cabin. It matters not that his skin is black. He is a soldier in the Army of the United States, and he was on his way to fight for democracy and civilization.

The announcement of his death was signaled to every commander, and every ship prepared to do honor to the colored soldier. As the sun was setting in the west the guard of honor, including all the officers from the commander to the private, came to attention. The body of the Negro trooper, wrapped in the American flag, was tenderly carried to the stern of the ship. The chaplain read the solemn burial service. The engines of the fleet were checked. The troop ship was stopped for the only time in the long trip from America to Europe. The bugle sounded "Taps," and the body of the American soldier was committed to the great ocean and to God.

The comradeship of the solemn occasion was the comradeship of real democracy. There was neither black nor white, North nor South, rich nor poor. All united in rendering honor to the Negro soldier who died in the service of humanity.

A TESTIMONY FROM EARLY ENGLAND

If the spectacle of women sitting in the House of Commons is startling, what shall we say if they invade the House of Lords?

Yet it is just possible that in so doing history will be repeating itself. The more we study early and mediæval English history, the more we realize that in some things it was really modern and democratic. As a proof, Mrs. Mary Sumner Boyd, Chairman of the Research Department of the Woman Suffrage Commission, sends to The Outlook an extremely interesting reference. It is from Susan B. Anthony's "History of Woman Suffrage," Volume I, page 30. After describing the Synod of Whitby, over which the Abbess Hilda presided, it proceeds thus:

In the seventh century the Witenagemot met at Baghamstead to enact a new code of laws, the queen, abbesses, and many ladies of quality taking part and signing the decrees.

Passing by other similar instances, we find in the reign of Henry III that four women took seats in Parliament, and that in the reign of Edward I ten ladies were called to Parliament, while in the thirteenth century Queen Elinor became keeper of the Great Seal, sitting as Lord Chancellor in the *Aula Regia*, the highest court of the kingdom.

This is not, we are aware, exactly the same as "sitting in the House of Lords," but the use of the word "called" looks like it.

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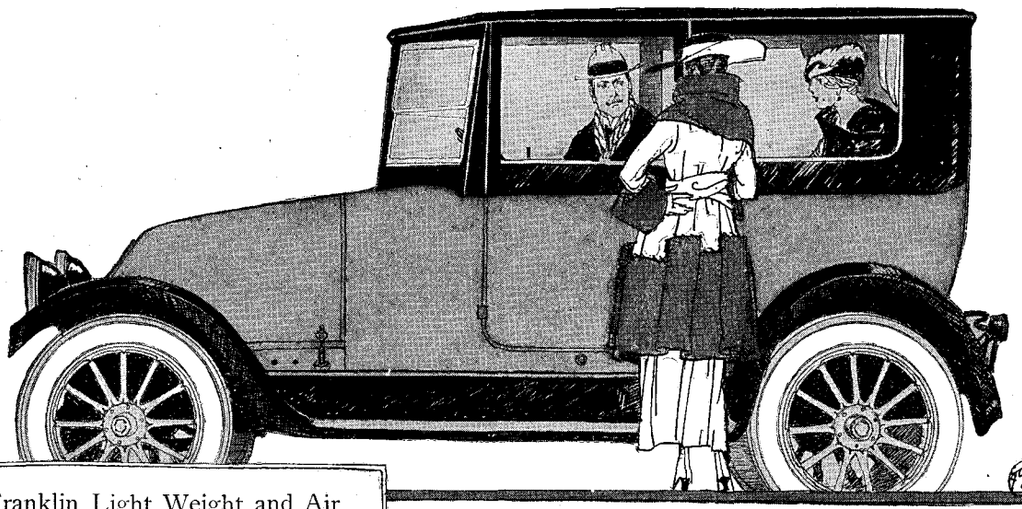

Franklin Light Weight and Air Cooling add to Franklin fineness a day-by-day delivery to the owners of—

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline —instead of 10

10,000 miles to the set of tires —instead of 5,000

50% slower depreciation than any other fine car.

There Are Hard Days Ahead For the Wasteful Motor Car

TODAY when you are considering a motor car, you have something more definite in mind than a year ago, because your standard is bound to be different than it was then. You are buying a car to ride in—*as much as you require*—but you are naturally more exacting as to costs, comfort, and staying qualities of the car.

Everybody recognizes the fact that the performance of motor cars in general is unchanged. And the live question now is which car will give you a *full measure* of usefulness—and still stick to the new standard of *keeping down waste*.

Cars that insisted upon bulky, wasteful, rigid weight before the war now find themselves out of line with the trend of public thought and unable to change for months to come on account of the material situation. And with the people frowning upon waste, there will be hard days ahead for the wasteful motor car.

It's all summed up in the old question of unnecessary motor car weight and rigid construction. Unnecessary weight means unnecessary expense to move it—more fuel; and, combined with rigidity, it gives tires no chance to wear out—they are pounded out long before they should be.

The Franklin Car, on the other hand, anticipated these requirements sixteen years ago. It has always been built on the principle of utility, cutting out all excessive weight at the outset, and relying on flexibility instead of rigidity, and now, without change, it meets your need and desire for a car to use—a car to ride in with the utmost safety, comfort and reliability at the least expense.

The fineness of the product is best indicated by the facts of Franklin performance in the hands of owners under all conditions.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Franklin CAR

Get the habit of doing things right. This will mean greater production; less waste; increased earnings. Work for good times all the time.—W. B. Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Labor.

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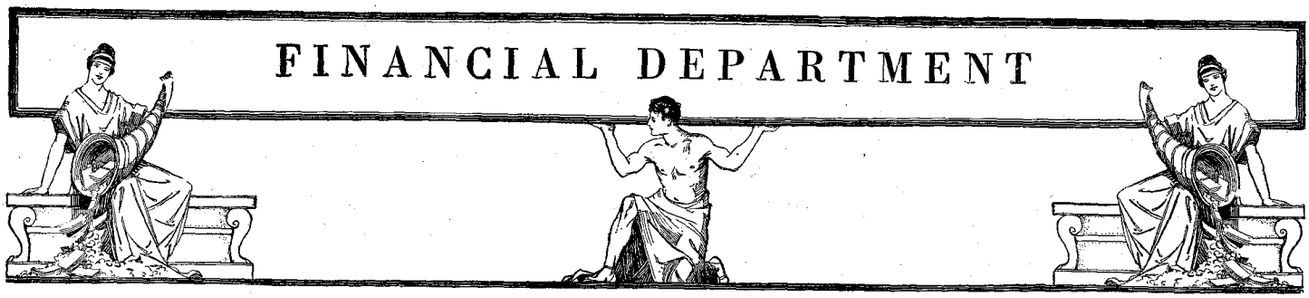

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record of information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy or confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Peace Questionnaire for January Investors

IN this time of peace and readjustment, the prudent investor will be particularly careful to buy only the safest and soundest securities—those which can pass the acid tests experience has developed and which always can be depended upon to determine the soundness of any investment. Particularly is this true of securities yielding an abnormally high interest return.

We have prepared an invaluable piece of investment literature in the form of a questionnaire, which should be in the library of every investor. Among the tests in this questionnaire are the following:

1. How close is the investment to the property on which it is based? Is it a first mortgage, a junior lien, an unsecured promise to pay, or a share in ownership?
2. What is the nature of the property behind the investment and is its value ample for safety during all periods and conditions?
3. Is the issuing corporation dealing in a necessary commodity or service, indispensable to the public at all times?
4. Are its earnings increasing, so as to keep pace with the high cost of material and labor?
5. Are the bond or notes steadily paid off in cash, year by year, out of the earnings of the company, or must they be refunded when they mature by contracting new debts?
6. Is the purpose of the issue to increase the earnings of the borrowing corporation, or merely for refunding purposes?

If the investor applies these tests to securities offered him, he realizes why it is exceedingly difficult to get more than 6% on his funds with real safety—the safety demanded by trustees, executors, institutions, and the most prudent class of individual purchasers.

The first mortgage serial bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*, meet these fundamental tests. Their thirty-seven year record of prompt payment without a loss during war and peace conditions, indicates their soundness. They yield full 6%. Write today for our booklet, "Questionnaire for Investors," and our current offerings of high grade first mortgage 6% bonds. Ask for

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THE TURN OF THE TIDE IN FINANCE

IN a recent article we discussed the advisability of investing at least the major part of one's accumulated capital in long-term bonds rather than in short-term notes.

Our present purpose is to illustrate with cases these generalizations and to discuss some simple means by which the investor may make some preliminary selections of relatively long-term issues to be submitted to his banker for careful consideration.

During the past year the trend of financing has been a gradual development toward longer maturities. The war has produced a shortage of working capital directly through subscriptions to Liberty Loans and indirectly through the increasing cost of commodities, and corporations in need of capital for refunding or expansion have found it costly. This was the experience earlier in the year of the Westinghouse Electric Company and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, both of which were forced to pay about eight per cent for new capital.

In the beginning of 1918 the American Telephone and Telegraph Company issued $40,000,000 one-year 6 per cent notes on a 7 per cent basis, which were many times oversubscribed, and at about the same time the Westinghouse Electric Company sold $15,000,000 one-year 6 per cent notes on about the same basis.

In the latter part of 1917 the New York Central Railroad Company issued $15,000,000 two-year 5 per cent notes to yield 6½ per cent, and the Seaboard Air Line Railroad placed an issue of $4,000,000 two-year 6s on a 7 per cent basis.

After the one-year notes of the Westinghouse Electric Company and the American Telephone Company, we found such companies as the General Electric Company financing with two-year 6 per cent notes and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with one and two year 5 per cent notes.

The Great Northern Railway entered the field with a three-year 5 per cent note to yield about 5⅝ per cent, and the three-year maturity was adopted recently by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, which issued $20,000,000 6 per cent notes on a 6¾ per cent basis.

Five-year 7s were brought out by the Cudahy Packing Company, and five-year 6s by the Kansas City Terminal Railway Company.

Several interesting offerings of serial notes were made by the following companies: Procter & Gamble (one to five year) 7s, Armour & Co. (one to six year) 6s, Bethlehem Steel Corporation (one to five year) 7s, and the American Tobacco Company (one to five year) 7s.

In the late summer the American Telephone and Telegraph Company again found it necessary to enter the money market, and issued convertible 6 per cent bonds on a basis of a little over 7 per cent with a seven-year maturity. Ten-year money was sought by two of the larger railways, $20,000,000 by the Union Pacific Railroad Company at 6¼ per cent and $15,000,000 by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company on a 6.35 per cent basis, and, there being a great demand for both of these issues, they at once went to a premium.

Within the past few days we have witnessed the offering of a long-term, well-known bond of an old-established system, with a present maturity of sixty-nine years, viz., Chicago and Northwestern General 5s, due November, 1987, offered on a 5 per cent basis, quickly oversubscribed and shortly selling in the open market at a price at which the income return is about 4.90 per cent.

From the résumé given above, which is of necessity fragmentary, a few interesting facts may be gathered.

Gradually, as the year progressed, the corporations have given evidence of their willingness to commit themselves to a bonded debt of longer duration; to-day they are not as positive as they were a year ago that the debt can be refunded later at a lower rate; extraordinary earnings can hardly be anticipated to cancel the loan, now that the war is ended; an ever-increasing interest by the public in longer maturities has been manifested, and the cost of capital has been on a declining scale.

Let us now consider for a moment some of the short-term issues which to-day may well attract the investor who is seeking a high return on his investment—let us examine a few short-term securities from the standpoint of maturity and yield only, acknowledging the marketability and not questioning the security of the following:

Title of Bond	Rate	Maturity	Approx. Yield
American Cotton Oil.....	7%	Sept. 1, 1919	5.90%
American Cotton Oil.....	5	Sept. 1, 1919	5.60
American Tel. & Tel. Co.	6	Aug., 1925	5.60
American Tobacco Co....	7	Nov. 1, 1919	5.70
American Tobacco Co....	7	Nov. 1, 1920	6.10
Baltimore & Ohio R.R...	5	July, 1919	5.70
Bethlehem Steel.....	7	July, 1919	5.70
Chic. Burl. & Quincy jt.	4	July, 1921	5.84
Canadian Pacific.....	6	Mar. 2, 1924	5.90
Delaware & Hudson.....	5	Aug. 1, 1920	5.60
Great Northern Ry.....	5	Sept., 1920	5.60
General Electric.....	6	July 1, 1920	5.53
General Electric.....	6	Dec. 1, 1919	5.45
Lehigh Valley R.R.....	6	Sept. 1, 1928	5.60
New York Central R.R..	5	Sept.15,1919	5.65
Union Pacific R.R.....	6	July 1, 1928	5.33

If the investor concludes that he is not justified in accepting a high interest return for a short period at a time when he may avail himself of the opportunities afforded by the present purchasing power of money, then he may well consider the following

Preparing *Now* for After-the-War Business

The commercial future of the United States will depend largely upon the wisdom with which our foreign trade problems are solved. These problems call for immediate close study in order to meet the new demands of expanding trade conditions. The study and consideration given must be *practicalized.*

Shawmut Service is a recognized factor of primary importance in the business and banking world. Manufacturers and merchants who recognize the large opportunities in the foreign field should avail themselves of this specialized service.

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK OF BOSTON

has given exceptional study to plans for anticipated development of commercial business in foreign lands. Our Foreign Trade Department, headed by men who have had actual experience in leading foreign centers, is thoroughly qualified to render practical assistance.

We maintain direct connections with South America, England, Continental Europe, China, Japan, South Africa and Australia.

Correspondence invited

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK, of Boston

An international reputation for conservatism, sound judgment and strength

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ESTABLISHED 1865

JANUARY INVESTMENTS

At Unusually Low Prices

Denominations $100, $500 and $1,000
Rates 6½% to 8%

We offer a carefully selected list of well-secured investments available in maturities from 1 to 20 years.

They are in every case secured by industries which have proved their stability during the past unsettled conditions and which are absolutely essential at all times.

Prices of securities are steadily rising toward normal levels and we suggest that you take advantage of present low prices to secure a large income return for several years. Act at once by sending for Booklet No. 1019Z.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

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FIRST FARM MORTGAGES

Back Up America's Farms

Crop production demands on the farmer have doubled. More land under cultivation needs new cash behind it. Our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds offer a real opportunity to serve your country to-day. Send for Pamphlet "S" and current offerings. Amounts to suit.

E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.
Capital and Surplus $500,000

As food was one of the biggest factors in winning the war, so now the production and distribution of food is one of the biggest tasks of reconstruction. When you put your money into

Straus Farm Mortgages

you not only have a safe investment, yielding a substantial and satisfactory income, but you are financing the farmer for increased efficiency and the greatest possible production of food.

Since Straus Farm Mortgages are secured by improved, productive farms in only the richest sections of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, the very best land in three of the richest agricultural States, you have exceptional assurance of the safety of your investment.

This assurance is supplemented and strengthened by our record of nearly sixty years without loss to a customer, and by our legal guarantee of full payment of your principal and interest of 6%. Behind this guarantee stands our entire capital and surplus of $3,000,000.00.

If you seek a safe, profitable and patriotic investment for any funds now available, write for our Special Bulletin and Booklet O-12.

THE STRAUS BROTHERS COMPANY
LIGONIER, INDIANA
ESTABLISHED 1860

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS — THREE MILLION DOLLARS

The Turn of the Tide in Finance (Continued)

bonds and their adaptability to his personal requirements:

RAILWAY BONDS

(Legal for Savings Banks and Trust Funds in New York State and Listed on the New York Stock Exchange.)

Title of Bond	Rate	Mat'y	Pres. Price	Approx. Yield
Atch. Topeka & Santa Fé gen.	4%	1995	86⅝	4.67%
Atlantic Coast Line 1st	4	1952	87	5.40
Baltimore & Ohio 1st	4	1948	83⅞	5.06
Baltimore & Ohio prior lien.	3½	1925	91⅛	5.45
Baltimore & Ohio convert.	4½	1933	84¾	6.05
Chic. Burl. & Quincy gen.	4	1958	86⅝	4.83
Chic. Burl. & Quincy Ill. Div.	4	1949	88⅛	4.82
Cleveland Short Line 1st gtd.	4½	1961	90	5.08
Delaware & Hudson 1st ref.	4	1943	86½	4.99
Gt. Northern Ry. 1st & ref. & ext.	4¼	1961	92	4.69
Illinois Cent. ref.	4	1955	84½	4.85
Louisville & Nashville unified	4	1940	89	4.81
Minn. St. Paul & S. S. M. 1st stp.	4	1938	88¾	4.99
New York Cent. ref. & imp. series A	4½	2013	85½	5.27
Norfolk & Western 1st consol.	4	1996	89⅛	4.50
Penn. R. R. consol.	4	1943	90¼	4.82
Southern Pac. R. R. Co. 1st ref.	4	1955	85¼	4.93
Union Pacific 1st ld. gt.	4	1947	89⅜	4.78
Union Pacific 1st & ref.	4	2008	86	4.67

The following types of railway bonds are less conservative:

Title of Bond	Rate	Mat'y	Pres. Price	Approx. Yield
Chesapeake & Ohio conv.	4½%	1930	82	6.72%
Chesapeake & Ohio conv.	5	1946	88	5.86
Kan. City Southern ref. & imp.	5	1950	86	6.01
New York Central conv. deb.	6	1935	101	5.89
Southern Pacific conv.	4	1929	85⅞	5.75
Southern Pacific conv.	5	1934	104⅝	4.59

The following industrial bonds will bear examination:

Title of Bond	Rate	Mat'y	Pres. Price	Approx. Yield
Armour & Co. 1st	4½%	1939	86½	5.71%
Beth. Steel 1st s.f.	5	1926	95½	6.17
Beth. Steel 1st & ref.	5	1942	88½	5.91
Central Leather	5	1925	96⅞	5.73
Illinois Steel deb.	4½	1940	85	5.49
Indiana Steel 1st.	5	1952	97¼	5.22
Lackawanna Steel 1st.	5	1923	97	6.19
Liggett & Myers deb.	5	1951	93	5.46
United States Rubber 1st & ref.	5	1947	87	5.97
United States Steel s.f.	5	1963	100¾	4.94

In discussing the wisest business policy for the investor to follow at this time we have considered the matter from the standpoint of safety of principal, marketability, and income return; and this should suffice, in that, the principal being safe, the investor need not, as a rule, be greatly concerned with fluctuations in price. He may disregard any enhancement in principal due to possible declining money rates over a long period, and then, without detracting from the short-term security, let him consider well whether or not he is furthering his own best interests by overlooking the well-known, seasoned long-term bonds.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I hold two Liberty Bonds, one of the First 4s, and one converted 4 per cent bond. Will it be possible for me to convert these two bonds into those of the Fifth Liberty Loan?

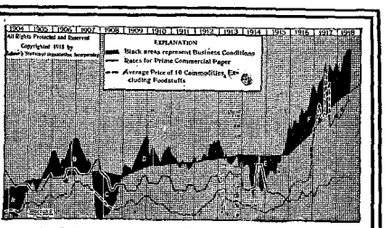
A. The attitude of the average investor regarding his securities after they are once placed in his strong box is evidenced in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury by the fact that of $3,808,000,000 Liberty Second 4s only $1,541,000,000 have been converted into 4¼s. This will result in a saving in interest to the Government of about $5,667,500 a year.

There are but two issues of 4 per cent Liberty Bonds outstanding, those of the Second Loan, due in 1942, and those of the First Loan converted into 4s due 1947. The latter are commonly called "first, converted 4s." The conversion privilege attaching to both of these bonds expired November 9 last. Those of the First 3½ per cent loan are the only Liberty Bonds which now possess a conversion feature. They are convertible into any higher rate bond issued during the war—except short-term five-year loans—within six months from date of issue of such higher rate bond. The termination of the war is to be fixed by proclamation of the President.

Q. Will you tell me what bonds are "legal" in New York State?

A. It is not possible within the confines of this column to give you a comprehensive list of securities which are legal investments for savings bank and trust funds in New York.

Roughly, bonds of the United States, of New York State, of any other State, or of any of the political subdivisions thereof, not in default, are legal. Railway bonds, subject to various restrictions and exceptions, also come within this category. Foremost among these the requirements are: (1) that the bond shall be a first mortgage either on a road whose principal part is located within this State or on a road in another State or States, provided such a road owns not less than 500 miles of standard gauge track, exclusive of sidings; and (2) that in either case the road during the five years just prior to investment shall have paid interest and principal punctually on its mortgage indebtedness, and shall have paid in dividends during each of said five years an amount equal to four per cent on its outstanding stock.


EXPLANATION
Black areas represent Business Conditions
Rates for Prime Commercial Paper
Average Price of 10 Commodities, Excluding Foodstuffs

What's Coming?

Babson's Mercantile Bulletin, which will be off the press about January 1, will carefully analyze

"The Outlook for 1919"

It will discuss the extraordinary conditions of business here and abroad.

With the war ended, this bulletin is of special interest to manufacturers and merchants. Sent free on request as long as copies last.

Write at once to insure getting a copy.
Address Dept. O-22 of

Babson's Statistical Organization
Advisory Building Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Organization of its Character in the World

DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGES

represent the highest type of investments. They have stood the test of wars and business depression since 1858—60 years, and always worth 100%.
Interest paid promptly at maturity.

FARM MORTGAGE BONDS in $500 and $1,000 denominations

For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

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BANKERS Founded A.D. 1858
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THE WORK OF A STUPENDOUS GOVERNMENT PLANT

Many readers make it a principle to avoid the pages of a daily paper that contain the stock quotations, market reports, and other columns filled with "tiresome figures." They are almost equally averse to casting their eye over a magazine article that may require them to think in terms of statistics. Even these persons, however, may find the following illustrations of the magnitude of the work that is produced by one of the Government's most important agencies of enlightenment, the Government Printing Office, not wholly dull. They are from an article in the December "Bookman" by Henry L. West, formerly a Commissioner of the District of Columbia, at present Executive Secretary of the National Security League:

The Government Printing Office uses the largest number of typesetting machines anywhere assembled together in the world.

It sets up a greater number of type pages in a year than the output of all the book-publishing houses in the United States.

It prints and binds each year more books than are contained in the Library of Congress, the largest library in the country.

It prints each year enough speeches of members of Congress to provide one for every family of four persons in the United States.

It can set in type, proof-read, electrotype, print, bind, and deliver a book of over two thousand pages within twenty-four hours.

It delivered one million Liberty Loan posters, printed in two colors, in three days, recently.

It prints and delivers four million postal cards each day.

It has sixty-eight price-lists of its publications. A general price-list would be too bulky for ordinary use—it would make a book the size of Webster's Dictionary.

It printed last year ninety-seven million copies of publications for the Department of Agriculture, "breaking all records in publication achievements."

Of these the most popular was a pamphlet called "The Small Vegetable Garden," of which a million copies were printed.

One work, printed some years ago, a history of the United States Capitol, is worth $100 to-day, though when first issued it was given away.

It prints dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies. One of the dailies has a circulation of over a hundred thousand.

It has a pay-roll of five million dollars.

The head of this vast organization receives a salary of five thousand five hundred dollars a year.

The Government, it may be said in conclusion, thus commands fine executive ability at lower cost than is possible with a private corporation—this being one function, at least, in which a Governmental plant appears to have the advantage over an individual enterprise.

A photograph was recently taken of Watteau's picture, "Young Man Dancing," in the Louvre in Paris. When the plate was developed, so a correspondent of the "American Art News" states, a small object was perceived near the frame—something never before noticed. It was a diavolo, the small toy popular ten years ago, and the string is now seen in the young man's hands. So the picture must be renamed—"Young Man Playing Diavolo," instead of "Dancing."

"CATARRH is a LUXURY Not a NECESSITY"

Says R. L. Alsaker, M.D.

"CATARRH of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

"Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

"Catarrh sometimes causes earache, headache and other forms of pain, and it lays the foundation for many diseases.

"Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are coughs and colds that are hard to shake—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

"When people eat as they should *not*, they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acids, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

"The right kind of food—food we all like—properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, pimples and blotches to flight, paints roses on the cheeks and makes life worth living.

"Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely, and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. *If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it.* You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of catarrh into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish. It is marvelous what proper eating will do, when other means fail. Don't take my word for it, but prove it in your own case and on your own person.

"*Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity.* Those who get it, can keep it indefinitely. They can also get rid of it and stay rid of it. Those who have catarrh should not complain about it, for they can easily get the knowledge that will show them how to get rid of the disease and maintain health."

In every-day practice Dr. Alsaker teaches his patients the cause of their trouble and how to live so as to effect a cure. There is no mystery about his system of treatment. It is a plain, common-sense method that any one, young or old, rich or poor, can put into practice in their own home, in any town or city, in any country. There is no expense attached to this plan. It shows you how to live in harmony with the laws and principles that *govern* health. It shows you how, what and when to eat so that your Catarrh will leave you and you will become healthy and happy. Years of experience have proved its complete success.

The doctor's instructions are easy to understand and pleasant to follow. No drugs, salves, serums, sprays or health resorts required or prescribed. No special foods to try or buy.

He has given full and complete directions for the cure of catarrh in his book entitled *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds*. Thousands of people in all walks of life have recovered health by following the plan outlined in this book of health building knowledge.

If you want to cure yourself of Catarrh and learn how to prevent colds send for your copy of Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds. Follow instructions for one month, then if you are not satisfied with the improvement in your health and the lasting value of the treatment recommended, return the book and your money will be refunded.

NOTE. Many patrons have written that this book is worth $100, and some have said $1,000. One man, in ordering a book for a friend, writes: "If it cost $200 the advice would be cheap."

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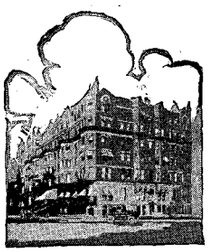

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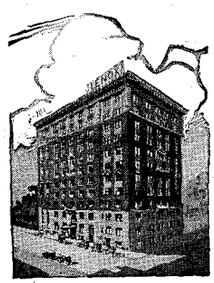

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BY THE WAY

Great Britain has adopted drastic measures to provide milk for her babies, according to J. C. Welliver in the "National Geographic Magazine." "If the adult patron of a public eating-house," he says, "buys and drinks a glass of milk as a beverage, he is liable to a fine of £5, and the proprietor subjects himself to a like penalty." The result has been that "the death rate among infants under five years old has been about one-half the rate in pre-war times. For the first time in the modern history of Britain there has been milk enough for all the babies, and good milk."

At a coming exhibition of war art in Paris one of the features will be Jonas's portrait of Marshal Foch, which was painted, it is said, under peculiar conditions. The artist asked the Marshal for a sitting at headquarters. "I cannot give you a real sitting," Marshal Foch is reported to have replied, "but if you can sketch while I work I will move as little as possible." The artist promptly went to work and made a series of sketches which he later used in painting a striking portrait.

In a recent auction sale of books in New York City attention was called to a reprint copy of John Pope's "Tour of the Southern and Western Territories of the United States," published in 1792. Of the original book only two copies are known to exist. It abounds in quaint observations, one of which describes the author's ascent of the Alleghany Mountains in company with a wayfarer "who always took a morning drink of Grog from a Road-side Spring." The spread of prohibition a century after this book was written makes it seem likely that this kind of grog will soon be the only tipple of the region described.

The word "grog," it may be worth while to recall, became current some years before the publication of the book above named, though only one instance of its use prior to 1794 is given in the Oxford English Dictionary. Strangely enough, grog, which is now used as a rather opprobrious name for strong drink, was originally a diluted beverage for the sailors of the British navy, who had before received a ration of "neat spirit." It was named after Admiral Vernon, who introduced the innovation in 1740, and who wore a peculiar *grog*ram cloak. If the ration was much diluted, it was called by the seamen, in contempt, "seven-water grog."

"Bulls" are not confined to Irishmen, remarks the London "Sphere," and it cites these examples of English bulls: A member of Parliament implored the House not to take a "white elephant under its wing;" another complained that "the gentlemen *sitting opposite* are conspicuous by their absence;" a third remarked that "the Home Secretary shakes his head, and I am sorry to hear it;" Sir Richard Cross declared that he "heard a smile;" another baronet said, "Now, sir, that we have cleared all the barbed-wire fences, it is to be hoped that we are in smooth water at last." A Welsh member remarked, "We are only following in the footsteps of those who are coming after us."

Here is a note that may have escaped the orthoepists' attention. It is found in a recent book, "Historic Shrines of America,' in its account of "The Hermitage," General Andrew Jackson's home at Nashville, Tennessee: "General Jackson, toward the end of his life, spent most of his leisure time in reading the Bible, Bible commentaries, and the hymn-book, which last he always pronounced in the old-fashioned way, *hime*-book."

Among the most graceful compliments recorded in the byways of literature may be mentioned these: That of Leslie Stephen, as a boy, to his mother, who had asked him concerning his somewhat bearish father, "Did your father ever do anything just because it was pleasant?" "Yes, mother," responded the gallant young cavalier—"once—when he married you." That of Joseph Choate, when asked whom he would choose to be if not himself, "Mrs. Choate's second husband." That of Philip IV of Spain, himself a painter, tendered to a greater artist, Velasquez. When Velasquez had finished his famous picture "Las Meninas," which includes not only Philip and his Queen, but the artist himself, brush in hand, he asked the King, "Is anything wanting?" "One thing only," answered Philip; and taking the palette from Velasquez's hands, he painted on the breast of the artist's figure in the picture the Cross of the Order of Santiago, the most distinguished in Spain.

In contrast with the above a list of malapropos remarks could easily be made. High on this list might be placed the awkward greeting of a backwoods Congressman to Miss Rose Cleveland, mistress of the White House during part of President Cleveland's first term. "You hail from Buffalo, I believe," was the politician's opening effort at conversation. The opportunity for a neat retort was irresistible: "Yes, but we reign here." Another story of the malapropos word in season is the somewhat lugubrious one of the lynching party of Forty-niners who had martyrized the wrong man and then sent a deputation to explain the mistake to the widow. "Yes," said the leader, "we made a bad mistake in lynching your John, and you've sure got the laugh on us!" Li Hung Chang's introductory salutation to the Mayor of New York might be included: "How old are you? How much money have you got?"

Speaking of doubtful compliments, a subscriber writes: "I wish to offer the following as one of the best examples I have ever seen. An accomplished musician was invited by a friend to a church service in order to hear the chorus choir render a special selection. The friend, highly pleased with the rendition, was awaiting with much interest her companion's verdict. It came thus, in a whisper: 'They sit well.'"

"Now that Dr. Davis has finished his revelations," says Nate Saulsbury, as reported by the Chicago "Evening Post," "the Kaiser may realize how sharper than an ulcerated tooth it is to have a thankless dentist. We should like to have held the doctor's job and, when it appeared necessary to draw the Kaiserlische molar, warbled as we closed down on the forceps, 'The yanks are coming, the yanks are coming!'"

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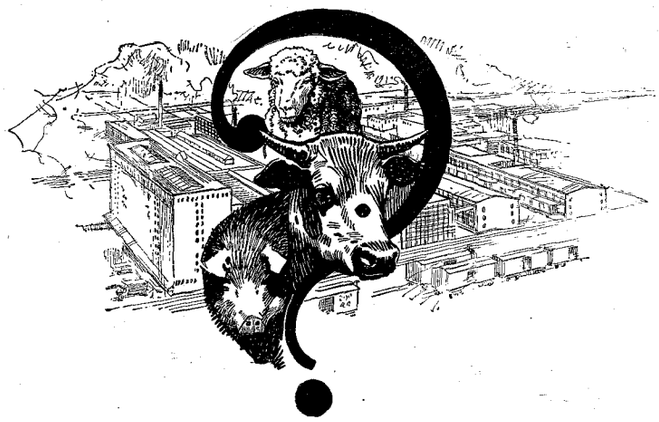

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